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P O E M S

AND

P L A Y S.

V O L. I.

P O E M S

AND

P L A Y S,

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A I N T I N G :
I N T W O E P I S T L E S
T O
M R. R O M N E Y.

Συγγενείαν τινά προς ποιητικὴν εἶναι ἢ τέχνην εὐρίσκειται, καὶ
κοινὴ τις ἀμφὸν εἶναι φαντασία,

ἃ λέγειν οἱ ποιηταὶ εἶχουσιν ταῦτα ἐν τῷ γραμματικῷ
σημαινέσθαι.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum ex
illâ etiam futuris relictum est. SENEC. Epist. 33.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Introduction—The flourishing state of Art in this country—Disadvantages attending the modern Painter of Portraits—Short encomium on this branch of Art, with the account of its origin in the story of the Maid of Corinth—Superiority of Historical Painting—Some account of the Greeks who excelled in it—Its destruction and revival in Italy—Short account of the most eminent Italian and Spanish Painters—Those of Flanders and France—The corruption of Art among the latter.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A I N T I N G.

E P I S T L E I.

BLEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore
The travell'd Artist to his native shore!
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught
With finest forms by ancient genius wrought;
Whose magic beauty charm'd, with spell sublime, 5
The scythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,
And mov'd the mighty leveller to spare
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inspir'd to roam,
Bring these rich stores of ripen'd judgment home; 10
While now, attending my accomplish'd friend,
Science and Taste his soften'd colours blend;
Let the fond Muse, tho' with a transient view,
The progress of her sister art pursue;

Eager in tracing from remotest time 15

The steps of Painting through each favour'd clime,

To praise her dearest sons, whose daring aim

Gain'd their bright stations on the heights of fame,

And mark the paths by which her partial hand

Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band. 20

Painting, sweet Nymph! now leaves in lifeless trance
Exhausted Italy and tinsel France,

And sees in Britain, with exulting eyes,

Her vot'ries prosper, and her glories rise.

Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus carest, 25

And with the homage of the public blest,

And flourishes with growing beauty fair,

The child of Majesty's adoptive care,

The youthful artist still is doom'd to feel

Obstruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal : 30

Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride

Bids him from Fancy's region turn aside,

And quit the magic of her scene, to trace

The vacant lines of some unmeaning face :

E'en in this work his wishes still are crost, 35

And all the efforts of his art are lost ;

For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,

Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,

The fond affections of the partial mind
The eye of judgment with delusion blind: 40
Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,
And give new spirit to her booby boy;
Nor can the painter, with his utmost art,
Express the image in the lover's heart:
Unconscious of the change the seasons bring, 45
Autumnal beauty asks the rose of spring,
And vain self-love, in every age the same,
Will fondly urge some visionary claim.
The luckless painter, destin'd to submit,
Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit, 50
And, doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone
The grievous load of errors not his own.

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,
That only fetters his creative hand;
At Fashion's nod he copies as they pass 55
Each quaint reflection from her crowded glass.
The formal coat, with intersecting line,
Mars the free graces of his fair design;
The towering cap he marks with like distress,
And all the motley mass of female dress. 60
The hoop extended with enormous size,
The corks that like a promontory rise;

The stays of deadly steel, in whose embrace
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.
 But Art, despairing over shapes like these 65
 To cast an air of elegance and ease,
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid—she comes to spread
 Her magic spells—the Gothic forms are fled ;
 And see, to crown the painter's just desire,
 Her free positions, and her light attire ! 70
 Th' ambitious artist wishes to pursue
 This brilliant plan with more extensive view,
 And with adopted character to give
 A lasting charm to make the portrait live ;
 All points of art by one nice effort gain, 75
 Delight the learned, and content the vain ;
 Make history to life new value lend *,
 And in the comprehensive picture blend }
 The ancient hero with the living friend.
 Most fair device ! “ but, ah ! what foes to sense, 80
 What broods of motley monsters rise from hence !”
 The strange pretensions of each age and sex
 These plans of fancy and of taste perplex ;

* Ver. 77. See NOTE I.

For male and female, to themselves unknown,
 Demand a character unlike their own, 85
 Till oft the painter to this quaint distress
 Prefers the awkward shapes of common drefs.
 Sweet girls, of mild and pensive softness, choose
 The sportive emblems of the comic Muse ;
 And sprightly damsels are inclin'd to borrow 90
 The garb of penitence, and tears of sorrow :
 While awkward pride, tho' safe from war's alarms,
 Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,
 And, from an honest justice of the peace,
 Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece ; 95
 Too firm of heart by ridicule to fall,
 The finish'd hero crowns his country hall,
 Ordain'd to fill, if fire his glory spare,
 The lumber-garret of his wiser heir.
 Not less absurd to flatter NERO's eyes * 100
 Arose the portrait of colossal size :
 Twice fifty feet th' enormous sheet was spread,
 To lift o'er gazing slaves the monster's head,
 When impious Folly sway'd Oppression's rod,
 And servile Rome ador'd the mimic God. 105

* Ver. 100. See NOTE II.

Think not, my friend, with supercilious air,
 I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
 Blest be the pencil ! which from death can save *
 The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave ;
 That youth and emulation still may gaze 110
 On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
 And, from the force of bright example bold,
 Rival their worth, " and be what they behold."
 Blest be the pencil ! whose consoling pow'r,
 Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour, 115
 Dispels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
 That absence throws upon her tender thought.
 Blest be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives
 To wounded Love the food on which he lives.
 Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear 120
 The youth to exile from his faithful fair,
 He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,
 Still owns her present, and still hears her speak :
 Oh ! LOVE, it was thy glory to impart
 Its infant being to this magic art ! 125
 Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid †
 Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd :

* Ver. 103. See NOTE III.

† Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

Her boding heart his near departure knew,
Yet long'd to keep his image in her view :
Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall, 130
By the clear lamp upon the even wall :
The line she trac'd with fond precision true,
And, drawing, doated on the form she drew ;
Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,
Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire : 135
His kindred fancy, still to nature just,
Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.
Thus from thy power, inspiring LOVE, we trace
The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face !

We pity Genius, when, by interest led, 140
His toils but reach the semblance of a head ;
Yet are those censures too severe and vain,
That scorn the Portrait as the Painter's bane.
Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road
That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode, 145
In humbler walks some tempting laurels grow,
Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below :
Youth on the plain collects increasing force,
To climb the steep in his meridian course.
While Nature sees her living models share 150
The rising artist's unremitting care,

She

She on his mind her every charm imprints,
 Her easy postures, and her perfect tints,
 'Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,
 Becomes her rival in creative power. 155

Yet in these paths disdain a long delay,
 While eager Genius points a nobler way :
 For see ! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,
 The epic field a brighter scene displays !
 Here stands the temple, where, to merit true, 160
 Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few :
 Whose minds, illumin'd with cœlestial fire,
 Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre ;
 Who trace the springs of nature to their source,
 And by her guidance, with resistless force, 165
 The tides of error and of transport roll
 Thro' every channel of the human soul !

How few, my friend, tho' millions boast the aim,
 Leave in this temple an unclouded name !
 Vain the attempt, in every age and clime, 170
 Without the slow conductors toil and time ;
 Without that secret, soul-impelling power,
 Infus'd by Genius in the natal hour ;
 And vain with these, if bright occasion's ray
 Fail to illuminate the doubtful way. 175
 The

The elders of thy art ordain'd to stand
 In the first circle of this honour'd band,
 (Whose pencil, striving for the noblest praise,
 The heart to soften and the mind to raise,
 Gave life and manners to the finish'd piece) 180
 These sons of glory were the sons of GREECE!
 Hail! throne of genius, hail! what mighty hand
 Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land?
 First in the annals of the world they shine:
 Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine; 185
 Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,
 Thou soul of life, thou intellectual sun;
 Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,
 The richest produce of the human mind.
 First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought 190
 The forceful lessons of exalted thought,
 And generously gave, at glory's call,
 The patriot picture to the public hall.
 'Twas then PANÆUS drew, with freedom's train, *
 The Chief of Marathon's immortal plain, 195
 In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host
 That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

Ver. 194. See NOTE V.

There

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire, *
 Display'd th' embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.
 His country view'd the gift with fond regard, 200
 And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught †
 Each varied feeling, and each tender thought ;
 While moral virtue sanctified thy art,
 And passion gave it empire o'er the heart. 205

Correct PARRHASIUS first to rich design ‡
 Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,
 Whose soft extremes from observation fly,
 And with ideal distance cheat the eye.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUXIS drew §
 Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue : 211
 Bade in one form her scatter'd rays unite,
 And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace consign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,
 Her softest pencil to APELLES' hand : 215
 Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove, ||
 Such strong expression mark'd his mimic JOVE,

* Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.

† Ver. 202. See NOTE VII.

‡ Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.

§ Ver. 210. See NOTE IX.

|| Ver. 216. See NOTE X.

Inimitably great he seem'd to tower,
And pass the limits of the pencil's power.

Ye sons of art, tho' on the gulph of years 220
No floating relic of your toil appears,
Yet glory shews, in every cultur'd clime,
Your names still radiant thro' the clouds of time.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor
Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war :
By Freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine, 226
The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,
While chilling damps upon the pencil hung, *
Where TULLY thunder'd and where VIRGIL sung,
Yet Grecian artists had the splendid fate 230
To triumph o'er the Romans' scornful hate.

Their matchless works profusion toil'd to buy,
Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,
Till ROME's terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,
Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide. 235

Oh ! lovely Painting ! long thy cheering light
Was lost and buried in barbaric night ;
The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd
Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,

* Ver. 228. See NOTE XI.

And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkish cell, 249
Bound thy free soul in her lethargic spell.

At length from this long trance thy spirit rose,
In that sweet vale where silver Arno flows ;
There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule, *
To form the basis of a rising school : 245
Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to shine,
The herald of a master more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,
By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,
In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought 250
Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought ; †
And high, by native strength of spirit rais'd,
The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL smil'd, ‡
Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child : 255
Truth, passion, character, his constant aim,
Both in the human and the heavenly frame,
Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart,
And shines the finish'd VIRGIL of his art.

* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII.

† Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.

‡ Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, *
 Reach'd not the fummit where his master reign'd; 261
 Yet to no common heights of epic fame
 True Genius guided his adventurous aim.
 Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard : 265
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew †
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue :
 O! had sublime design his colours crown'd ! 270
 Then had the world a finish'd painter found :
 With powers to seize the highest branch of art,
 He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part ;
 Yet this low object of his partial care
 Grew from his toil so exquisitely fair, 275
 That dazzled judgment, with suspended voice,
 Fears to condemn the error of his choice.
 Thus pleas'd a flowery valley to explore,
 Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, ‡

* Ver. 260. See NOTE XV.

† Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI.

‡ Unde prius nulli velarunt Tempora Musæ.

LUCRETIVS, Lib. iv. Ver. 5.

LUCRETIVS chose the epic crown to lose 280

For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGIO play'd *

With all the magic charms of light and shade.

Tho' Parma claim it for her rival son, †

The praise of sweetest grace thy pencil won : 285

Unhappy Genius ! tho' of skill divine,

Unjust neglect and penury were thine.

Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,

Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd,

Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came, ‡ 290

And, raising her weak powers and sinking frame,

Reclaim'd the pencil of misguided youth

From Affectation's glare to tints of modest Truth.

They form'd the Pencil, to whose infant fame

Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name : § 295

Profoundly skill'd his figures to dispose,

The learned LANFRANC in their school arose, ||

* Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII.

† Ver. 284. See NOTE XVIII.

‡ Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX.

§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XX.

|| Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI.

And, train'd to glory, by their forming care,
The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air. *

Nor shall ye fail your well-earn'd praise to gain,
Ye ! who adorn'd with art your native SPAIN ! 301

The unfrequented shore, that gave you birth,
Tempt not the faithful Muse to hide your worth :

Just to all regions, let her voice proclaim

TITIAN's mute scholar, rival of his fame. † 305

The power, that Nature to his lips denied,

Indulgent Art, with fonder care, supplied :

The cruel bar his happy genius broke ;

Tho' dumb the painter, all his pictures spoke.

And thou, VELASQUEZ, share the honour due ‡

To forceful tints, that fascinate the view ! 311

Thy bold illusive talents soar'd so high,

They mock'd, with mimic life, the cheated eye.

Thou liberal artist ! 'twas thy praise to guide

Thy happy scholar with parental pride ; 315

Thy care the soft, the rich MURILLO form'd, §

And, as thy precept taught, thy friendship warm'd.

* Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII.

† Ver. 305. See NOTE XXIII.

‡ Ver. 310. See NOTE XXIV.

§ Ver. 316. See NOTE XXV.

Yet other names, and not a scanty band !
 Have added lustre to th' IBERIAN land ;
 But generous ITALY, thy genial earth 320
 Superior numbers bore of splendid worth !
 And rais'd amidst them, in thy golden days,
 No mean historian to record their praise. *

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroness and pride,
 Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide ; 325
 Whose generous zeal and modest truth have known
 To blazon others' skill, not boast thy own ;
 On thee, VASARI, let my verse bestow
 That just applause, so freely seen to flow
 From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand, 330
 To each great artist of thy native land !
 Tho' many shine in thy elaborate page,
 And more have risen since thy distant age,
 Their various talents, and their different fame,
 The Muse, unskilful, must decline to name, 335
 Lest in the nice attempt her judgment fail
 To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

E'en public Taste, by no determin'd rule,
 Has class'd the merit of each nobler school :

* Ver. 323. See NOTE XXVI.

To ROME and FLORENCE, in Expression strong,
 The highest honours of Design belong ; 341
 On her pure Style see mild BOLOGNA claim *
 Her fairest right to secondary fame ;
 Tho' prouder VENICE would usurp that praise,
 Upon the splendid force of TITIAN's golden rays. †
 But ill they know the value of their art, 346
 Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart.
 Tho' matchless tints a lasting name secure,
 Tho' strong the magic of the clear-obscure,
 These must submit, as a dependant part, 350
 To pure Design, the very soul of Art ;
 Or Fame, misguided, must invert her course,
 And RAPHAEL's Grace must yield to REMBRANDT's
 Force ; ‡
 Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,
 And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch. 355
 Yet, HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise §
 A perfect title to peculiar praise :
 Thy hum'rous pencil shuns the epic field,
 The blazing falchion, and the sanguine shield ;

* Ver. 342. See NOTE XXVII.

† Ver. 345. See NOTE XXVIII.

‡ Ver. 353. See NOTE XXIX.

§ Ver. 356. See NOTE XXX.

But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth, 360
 In social circle round the chearful hearth ;
 And rustic Joy, from busy cares releas'd,
 To the gay gambols of the village feast :
 While Nature smiles her very faults to view,
 Trac'd with a skill so exquisitely true. 365
 These faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praise to
 hide !

New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind supplied ;
 With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,
 And o'er each scene an air of grandeur throws :
 The meanest Figures dignity assume, 370
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom.
 These strong illusions are supremely thine,
 And laugh at Imitation's vague design :
 So near to blemishes thy beauties run,
 Those who affect thy splendor are undone : 375
 While thy rash rivals, loose and incorrect,
 Miscall their shadowy want of truth *Effect*,
 And into paths of affectation start :
 Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.
 Proud of the praise by RUBENS' pencil won, * 380
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son !

* Ver. 380. See NOTE XXXI.

Whose glowing hues magnificently shine
 With warmth congenial to his rich design :
 And him, her second pride, whose milder care
 From living Beauty caught its loveliest air ! 385
 Who truth of character with grace combin'd,
 And in the speaking feature mark'd the mind,
 Her soft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits please, *
 Shall reign the model of unrivall'd ease.
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought, 390
 From FLANDERS first the secret pow'r she caught, †
 To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,
 With all the virtues of enduring oil ;
 Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse, ‡ 395
 And lovely Science grew the public care)
 She fix'd the glories of her empire there ;
 There in her zenith soon she ceas'd to shine,
 And dated, passing her meridan line,
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline. }
 Yet in her gloomy and disgraceful hour 401
 Of faded beauty, and enfeebled power,

* Ver. 388. See NOTE XXXII.

† Ver. 391. See NOTE XXXIII.

‡ Ver. 395. See NOTE XXXIV.

With talents flowing in free Nature's course,
 With just exertion of unborrow'd force,
 Untrodden paths of art SALVATOR tried, * 405
 And daring Fancy was his favourite guide.
 O'er his wild rocks, at her command, he throws
 A savage grandeur, and sublime repose ;
 Or gives th' historic scene a charm as strong
 As the terrific gloom of DANTE's song. 410
 His bold ideas, unrefin'd by taste,
 Express'd with vigour, tho' conceiv'd in haste,
 Before slow judgment their defects can find,
 With awful pleasure fill the passive mind.
 Nor could one art, with various beauty fraught, 415
 Engross the ardor of his active thought :
 His pencil pausing, with satiric fire
 He struck the chords of the congenial lyre ;
 By generous verse attempting to reclaim
 The meaner artist from each abject aim. 420
 But vain his satire ! his example vain !
 Degraded Painting sinks with many a stain :
 Her clouded beams, from ITALY withdrawn,
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn.

* Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV.

There, in the arms of ROMAN science nurs'd, 425

In every work of ancient genius vers'd,

The sage POUSSIN, with purest fancy fraught, *

Portray'd the classic scene, as Learning taught :

But Nature, jealous of her sacred right,

And piqu'd that his idolatry should slight 430

Her glowing graces, and her living air,

To worship marble with a fonder care,

Denied his pencil, in its mimic strife,

The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then rose LE BRUN, his scholar, and his friend, †

More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend ; 436

Tho' with exalted spirit he present

The generous victor in the suppliant tent,

Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime

Misled his pencil from the pure sublime. 440

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taste, ‡

With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste :

But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom,

Shed fruitless tears upon thy early tomb.

* Ver. 427. See NOTE XXXVI.

† Ver. 435. See NOTE XXXVII.

‡ Ver. 441. See NOTE XXXVIII.

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule
 Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school : 446
 Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, *
 The laws and limits that to Art belong ;
 In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,
 To crush the monsters of corrupted taste : 450
 With ineffectual fire the poet sings,
 Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs :
 Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,
 And saints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl.
 Bombast is Grandeur, Affectation Grace, 455
 Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace ;
 Loaded with dress, supremely fine advance
 Old HOMER's heroes, with the airs of FRANCE.
 Indignant Art disclaim'd the motley crew,
 Resign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew. 460

* Ver. 447. See NOTE XXXIX.

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

T H E S E C O N D,

A R G U M E N T

OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

The rise of Painting in England, and the reasons for its happening so late.—The rapidity of its improvement.—A slight sketch of the most eminent living Artists in England.—The author's wish to see his friend among the first of that number—His reasons for hoping it.—The reputation of a Painter in some degree owing to a happy choice of subjects—A few recommended from national events—and from Milton and Shakespeare.—Conclusion.—Author's wishes for his friend's success.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A I N T I N G.

E P I S T L E II.

INGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise
To the pure summits of unclouded praise ;
Whom Art has chosen, with successful hand,
To spread her empire o'er this honour'd land ;
Thy Progress Friendship with delight surveys, 5
And this pure Homage to thy Goddess pays.
Hail ! heavenly Visitant ! whose cheering powers
E'en to the happy give still happier hours !
O ! next to Freedom, and the Muse, design'd
To raise, ennoble, and adorn mankind ! 10
At length we view thee in this favor'd Isle,
That greets thy presence, and deserves thy smile :
This favor'd Isle, in native Freedom bold,
And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old.

Tho'

Tho' foreign Theorists, with System blind, * 15
 Prescribe false limits to the British mind,
 And, warp'd by Vanity, presume to hold
 Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold :
 Painting, sweet Nymph, unconscious of their chain,
 In this fair Island forms her new Domain, 20
 And freely gives to BRITAIN's eager view
 Those charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew.

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA's shore,
 Display'd those Graces which all Realms adore,
 No kindred forms of English growth appear ; 25
 Age after age the hapless Pencil here
 Dropt unsuccessful from the Native's hand,
 And fail'd to decorate this darker Land.
 But freely let impartial History say,
 Why Art on BRITAIN shone with later ray. 30

When on this Isle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,
 The distant light of Painting seem'd to dawn,
 Fierce HARRY reign'd, who, soon with pleasure
 cloy'd, †
 Now lov'd, now scorn'd, now worshipp'd, now de-
 stroy'd.

* Ver. 15. See NOTE XL.

† Ver. 33. See NOTE XLI.

Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art! he priz'd, 35

Now fought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd :

Now strove to fix, with liberal support,

Thy darling RAPHAEL in his sumptuous Court ;

Now o'er the hallow'd shrines thy hand had grac'd,

" Cried havock, and let slip the Dogs of Waste." 40

When timid Art saw ruin his delight,

She fled in terror from the Tyrant's sight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,

The subtle Child of this imperious Sire,

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel, * 45

Proscrib'd it as the slave of bigot Zeal ;

Or doom'd it, throwing nobler works aside,

To drudge in flatt'ring her fantastic Pride :

And hence the Epic pencil in the shade

Of blank neglect and cold obstruction laid, 50

E'en while the Fairy-sprite, and Muse of fire,

Hung high in Glory's hall the English lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,

(His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit)

Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd, 55

But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd.

* Ver. 45. See NOTE XLII.

With fairer mind arose his nobler Son,
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone :
 Unhappy CHARLES ! oh ! had thy feeling heart
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art ! 60
 To merit just, thy bounty flow'd alike
 On bolder RUBENS, and the soft VANDYKE :
 To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought
 The sacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought.
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind, 65
 Cut off the promise of thy cultur'd mind.
 By wounded Liberty's convulsive hand
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy usurps the Land ;
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,
 To seek a refuge in serener skies. 70

These storms subsiding, see her once again
 Returning in the second CHARLES's train !
 She comes to copy, in licentious sport,
 The Minions of a loose luxurious Court ;
 From whence the modest Graces turn their eyes, 75
 Where Genius fees, and o'er the prospect sighs,
 LELY's soft tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,
 Made the mean Slaves of dissolute Desire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled shore ; 80

While sacred Freedom, darting in disdain
 Her vengeful Thunder on th' apostate Train,
 And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to disown,
 Gives to NASSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend, 85
 And Art shall crown her Patron and her Friend.

In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,
 'Tis thine, O WILLIAM ! sinking realms to save.

To thee no leisure mightier cares allow,
 To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow : 90

'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,
 The Base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.

Yet to thy Palace KNELLER's skill supplied *
 Its richest ornament in Beauty's pride.

Unhappy KNELLER ! covetous though vain ; 95
 Thee Glory yielded to seducing Gain :

While partial Taste from modest RILEY turn'd, †
 By diffidence depriv'd of praise well earn'd.

Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,
 " How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO'
 fought ;" 100

* Ver. 93. See NOTE XLIII.

† Ver. 97. See NOTE XLIV.

And THORNHILL's blaze of Allegory gilt *
 The piles, that WREN's superior genius built ;
 Contending Factions, in her closing reign,
 Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.
 Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam, 105
 And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown,
 That threaten'd BRUNSWICK's race on BRITAIN's
 throne,

Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,
 Her clans extinguish'd, and her chiefs no more : 110
 The youthful Noble, on a princely Plan, †
 Encourag'd infant Art, and first began
 Before the studious eye of Youth to place
 The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,
 O'er FRANCE, supported by imperious SPAIN, 116
 And, fated with her Laurels' large increase,
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace ;
 Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,
 Painting, no more an alien in our land, 120
 First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,
 Her temples open'd, and her altars crown'd :

* Ver. 101. See NOTE XLV.

† Ver. 111. See NOTE XLVI.

And Grace, the first attendant of her train,
 She whom APELLES wooed, nor wooed in vain,
 To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line, 125
 And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,
 What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,
 With glee she marks them on her canker'd scroll,
 Malicious Fiend ! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole, 130
 To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,
 Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Drofs.
 Excelling Artist ! long delight the eye !
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly, *
 BRITAIN shall then her own APELLES see, 135
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart
 The leading Principles of lib'ral Art ; †
 To youthful Genius points what course to run,
 What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to shun : 140
 So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly sway,
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
 And mark'd, to guide them in their bold Career,
 Th' unerring Glories of the starry Sphere.

* Ver. 134. See NOTE XLVII.

† Ver. 138. See NOTE XLVIII.

Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught, 145

And gives new lessons of exalted thought ;

Thy nervous Pencil on the canvass throws

The tragic story of sublimest woes :

The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,

The Parent petrified with blank Despair, 150

Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill *

With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,

Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land ;

Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast 155

Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boast.

Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes,

With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise ;

Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,

Have wisely carried to some kindred soil, 160

Which, shooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,

Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth :

The land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see,

Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay, † 165

And BRITAIN glories in her rich display ;

* Ver. 151. See NOTE XLIX.

† Ver. 165. See NOTE L.

Merit, who unassisted, and unknown,
 Late o'er his unseen labours sigh'd alone,
 Sees honour now his happier toils attend,
 And in the generous Public finds a friend. 170

O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,
 "And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"
 Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,
 Or groundless Censure, which false Judgment sways,
 My failing line with faint resemblance wrong 175
 Thy Sons, the subject of no envious song !

Supremely skill'd the varied group to place,
 And range the crowded scene with easy grace ;
 To finish parts, yet not impair the whole,
 But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul ; 180
 Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,
 The shame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride ;
 Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,
 Give the bright lesson of heroic Death.

Such are thy Merits, WEST : by Virtue's hand 185
 Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,
 While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,
 The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

With kindred power a rival hand succeeds,
 For whose just fame expiring CHATHAM pleads ; 190

Like CHATHAM's language, luminous and bold,
 Thy colours, COPLEY, the dread scene unfold,
 Where that prime Spirit, by whose guidance hurl'd,
 BRITAIN's avenging thunder aw'd the world,
 In patriot cares employ'd his parting breath, 195
 Struck in his field of Civic fame by Death;
 And Freedom, happy in the tribute paid
 By Art and Genius to so dear a Shade,
 Shall own, the measure of thy praise to fill,
 The awful subject equall'd by thy skill. 200

To DANCE's pencil, in Precision strong,
 Transcendant Force, and Truth of Line belong,
 Not GARRICK's self, to SHAKESPEARE's spirit true,
 Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,
 Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame, 205
 The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.
 From GARRICK's features, with distraction fraught,
 He copies every trace of troubled thought;
 And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,
 The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD's soul. 210

The rapid MORTIMER, of Spirit wild,
 Imagination's dear and daring Child,
 Marks the fierce Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom.

Yet

Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs, 215
 And paints a lesson to tyrannic Kings :
 In his bright colours see the field appear
 To Freedom sacred, and to Glory dear,
 Where JOHN, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne,
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown, 220
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim
 The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame !

But see far off the modest WRIGHT retire !
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire :
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night,
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight ; 226
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart,
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.
 May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise,
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze, 230
 And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,
 May his red deluge down thy canvass pour !

Art with no common gifts her GAINSB'ROUGH grac'd,
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd ;
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim, 235
 A perfect Semblance of the human Frame ;
 This, lightly sporting on the village-green,
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.

In forms sublime the daring WILSON soars,
 And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours :
 APOLLO triumphs in his flaming skies, 241
 And classic Beauties in his scenes arise.

Thy Graces, HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,
 From Miniature's small circle disappear :
 May their distinguish'd merit still prevail, 245
 And shine with lustre on the larger Scale.

Let candid Justice our attention lead
 To the soft Crayon of the graceful READ :
 Nor, GARD'NER, shall the Muse, in haste, forget
 Thy Taste and Ease ; tho' with a fond regret 250
 She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r she notes,
 A sigh of homage to the Shade of COATES.
 Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to shed
 The flowers of glory o'er the skilful dead,
 Thy Talents, HOGARTH ! will she leave unsung ; *
 Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue ! 256
 A separate province 'twas thy praise to rule ;
 Self-form'd thy Pencil ! yet thy works a School ;
 Where strongly painted, in gradations nice,
 The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice, 260

* Ver. 255. See NOTE LI.

Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,
And moral Humour sportive Art refin'd.

While fleeting Manners, as minutely shewn
As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown ;
While Truth of Character, exactly hit, 265
And drest in all the dyes of comic wit ;

While these, in FIELDING's page, delight supply,
So long thy Pencil with his Pen shall vie.

Science with grief beheld thy drooping age
Fall the sad victim of a Poet's rage : 270

But Wit's vindictive spleen, that mocks controul,
Nature's high tax on luxury of soul !

This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives ;
Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name, 275
Appears the tribute of applause to claim ;

Some alien Artists, more of English Race,

With fair ANGELICA, our foreign Grace,

Who paints, with Energy and Softness join'd,
The fond Emotions of the female Mind ; 280

And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves surround,

And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound :

For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,

For him coy VENUS throws her veil away ;

And ZAFFANI, whose faithful colours give 285
 The transient glories of the Stage to live ;
 On his bright canvass each dramatic Muse
 A perfect copy of her scene reviews ;
 Each, while those scenes her lost delight restore,
 Almost forgets her Garrick is no more. — 290

O'er these I pass reluctant, lest too long
 The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song,
 Yet one short pause, ye Pow'rs of Verse, allow
 To cull a Myrtle Leaf for MEYERS's Brow !
 Tho' small its Field, thy Pencil may presume 295

To ask a Wreath where Flowers immortal bloom,
 As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair,
 Colours her Insect works with nicest care,
 Nor better forms, to please the curious eye,
 The spotted Leopard than the gilded Fly ; 300

So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow space,
 Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace,
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,
 Boast not an air more exquisite than thine.
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express, 305
 Beauty thy model and thy Patroness.

For her thy care has to perfection brought
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught ;

Thy

Thy colour'd Cryſtal, at her fond deſire,
 Draws deathleſs Luſtre from the dang'rous Fire, 310
 And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm,
 She binds thy Bracelet on her ſnowy arm.

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,
 Theſe Lights of Art that gild the Britiſh ſky;
 Oh! may my Friend ariſe, with luſtre clear, 315
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.

This wiſh, my ROMNEY, from the pureſt ſource,
 Has Reaſon's Warrant, join'd to Friendſhip's Force.
 For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame
 The vital Spirit of his ſacred Flame, 320
 Which frequent miſts of Diffidence o'ercloud,
 Proving the vigor of the Sun they ſhroud.

Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,
 Which forms the Artiſt of the nobleſt kind;
 That fond Ambition, which beſtows on Art 325
 Each talent of the Mind, and paſſion of the Heart;
 That dauntleſs Patience, which all toil deſies,
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.
 Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,
 From theſe fair ſeeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r;
 Thy juſt, thy graceful Portraits charm the view, 331
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew.

Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,
With what terrific pomp thy Spectres rise !
What lust of mischief marks thy Witch's form, 335
While on the LAPLAND Rock she swells the storm !
Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundless reign,
Well dost thou know to quit her wild domain,
When History bids thee paint, severely chaste,
Her simpler scene, with uncorrupted taste. 340
While in these fields thy judging eyes explore,
What spot untried may yield its secret ore,
Thy happy Genius springs a virgin Mine
Of copious, pure, original Design ;
Truth gives it value, and, distinctly bold, 345
The stamp of Character compleats thy Gold.
Thy Figures rise in Beauty's noblest scale,
Sublimely telling their heroic Tale.
Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,
And Time revere them with unrivall'd praise ! 350
May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,
So justly daring, with a soul so free,
Each separate Province to thy care commend,
And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend !
May tender TITIAN's mellow softness join, 355
With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line ;

CORREGIO'S

CORREGIO'S Grace with RAPHAEL'S Taste unite,
And in thy perfect Works inchant the ravish'd Sight !

How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,
The glowing Artist gains the heights of Fame, 360
To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes
That praise which Judgment with delight bestows !
The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,
The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when, wisely taught 365
To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought,
By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove
Thro' all the frolicks of licentious JOVE,
That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic and cold, *
(Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold) 370
May with voluptuous Images enflame
The fated Passions of his languid frame.

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,
And just Derision mingles with Disdain,
When such a Pencil, in a Roman hand, 375
While the rich Abbess issues her command,
Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvass sprawl,
That some warm Nun in mimic trance may fall,

* Ver. 369. See NOTE LII.

Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,
Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb, 380
Mistaking, in the Cloister's dull embrace,
The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace.

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,
Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand !
Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth, 385
Of public Virtue, and of private Truth :
The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms,
And Freedom, fierce in adamantin Arms :
Whence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,
With floods of Joy may fill the human heart. 390

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,
And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore,
Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,
Still make Simplicity thy constant guide :
And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware, 395
Ah ! shun insidious Allegory's snare !
Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath,
Fair to the eye, but poisons lurk beneath,
By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,
Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard. 400
How sweet her voice, how dangerous her spell,
Let SPENSER'S Knights, and RUBENS' Tritons tell ;
Judgment

Judgment at colour'd riddles shakes his head,
 And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read ;
 Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere, 405
 Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's tyrant sway
 " Takes half the vigour of the soul away,"
 Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,
 Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church ; 410
 Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,
 To hunt for monsters which we heed no more.
 But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,
 The towering Spirit to Perfection springs ;
 Where Genius, proud to act as Heav'n inspires, 415
 On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred fires ;
 Oh ! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE,
 With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece ;
 Let BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous race,
 Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace ; 420
 Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore
 Some just memorials of the line she bore,
 In tints immortal to her view recall
 Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who, with pedantic scorn, 425
 Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born :

For

For them Perfection has herself no charms,
 Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms :
 Our slighted Country, for whose fame they feel
 No generous interest, no manly zeal, 430
 Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,
 And treat their cold contempt with due disdain ;
 To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,
 To prove this patriot indignation just,
 And, nobly partial to our native earth, 435
 Bid English Pencils honour English Worth. *

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,
 Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,
 Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,
 And BRITAIN, on her canvass, fail to shew 440
 Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer, †
 SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,
 O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,
 And mild Humanity embalm her Friend !
 Oh ! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find 445
 A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind ;
 Methinks I see thy rapid Hand display
 The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,

* Ver. 436. See NOTE LIII.

† Ver. 441. See NOTE LIV.

When arm'd for Freedom, 'gainst the guilt of SPAIN,
The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain ! 450

In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief,
When pitying Friends supply the wish'd relief ;
While Sickness, Pain, and Thirst his pow'r subdue,
I see the draught he pants for in his view :

Near him the Soldier, that expiring lies, 455

This precious Water views with ghastly eyes,
With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,
With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst :

I see the Hero give, oh ! generous Care !

The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r : 460

I hear him say, with Tendernefs divine,

“ Thy strong Necessity surpasses mine.”

Shall Roman Charity for ever share

Thro' every various School each Painter's Care ?

And BRITAIN still her bright examples hide 465

Of female Glory, and of filial Pride ?

Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE, *

Resolv'd to save, or in th' attempt expire,

The precious relicks of her martyr'd Sire : 470

* Ver. 468. See NOTE LV.

Before the cruel Council let her stand,
 Press the dear ghastly Head with pitying Hand,
 And plead, while Bigotry itself grows mild,
 The sacred duties of a grateful Child.

Forgive the Muse, if haply she commend 475
 A Theme ill-chosen to her skilful Friend ;
 She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,
 Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,
 Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see
 Her darling Images adorn'd by thee. 480

Nor shall her social Love in silence hide
 The just emotions of her grateful Pride,
 When thy quick Pencil pours upon her sight
 Her own Creation in a fairer light ;
 When her SERENA learns from thee to live, 485
 And please by every charm that life can give.
 Thou hast imparted to th' ideal Fair
 Yet more than Beauty's bloom, and Youth's attractive
 air ;

For in thy studious Nymph th' enamour'd Eye
 May, thro' her breast, her gentle Heart descry ; 490
 See the fond thoughts, that o'er her Fancy roll,
 And Sympathy's soft swell, that fills her soul.

But

But happier Bards, who boast a higher claim,
Ask from thy Genius an increase of Fame.

Oh ! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid, 495
The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd,
Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,
To grace each other with reflected Light,
Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,
And double lustre from that union gain ! 500

Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend
To point each varied subject to my Friend ;
Far nobler guides their better aid supply :
When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round 505
Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,
And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight.
This chief Inchanter of the willing breast,
Will teach thee all the magic he possesse. 510
Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
Each brilliant Being that he calls to view.

Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design, 515
The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine.

Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,
 Lead thy congenial spirit to portray
 In Colours, like his Verse, sublimely strong,
 The scenes that blaze in his immortal song. 520

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a skilful Hand,
 As suits the Leader of the Seraph-Band !
 But oh ! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies, *
 With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes !
 How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate,
 Fearless tho' fallen, and in Ruin great ! 526
 Let thy bold Pencil, more sublimely true,
 Present his Arch Apostate to our view
 In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,
 And proudly standing like a stately tow'r, 530
 While his infernal mandate bids awake
 His Legions, slumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliss,
 Hurl'd in Combustion to the deep Abyss !
 In light terrific let the Flash display 535
 His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway :
 Tho' vanquish'd, yet immortal, let his Eye
 The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,

* Ver. 523. See NOTE LVI.

And still, with Looks of Execration, dare
To face the Horrors of the last Despair. 540

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain,
That o'er the human Soul unquestion'd reign,
To their superior Guidance be consign'd
Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.
Yet O ! let Friendship, ere the Verse she close, 445
Which in just Tribute to thy Merit flows,
The sanguine wishes of her heart express,
With fond prefages of thy full Success.

May Health and Joy, in happiest union join'd,
Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind ! 550
To noblest Efforts raise thy glowing Heart,
And string thy sinews to the toils of Art !
May Independance, bursting Fashion's chain,
To eager Genius give the flowing rein,
And o'er thy epic Canvass smile to see 555
Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free !
May thy just Country, while thy bold design
Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line,
Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight !
May Youth and Valour, kindling at the fight, 560
O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean,
And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene !

May Time himself a fond Reluctance feel,
Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil steal,
But grant it still to gain increasing Praise, 565
In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days,
While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,
With RAPHAEL's Glory join'd to TITIAN's Years!

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

N O T E S

TO THE

FIRST EPISTLE.

As there may possibly be some Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wish to look into the sources from whence the Author has borrowed some of his ideas, he has thrown together the subsequent Notes, and disjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the perusal of those who have leisure and disposition for such kind of reading.

NOTE I. VERSE 77.

MAKE history to life new value lend.] One of the most elegant writers of the present age has made an ingenious effort to introduce History into the dull province of Portrait-painting, “by

representing a whole family in a single picture, under some interesting historical subject suitable to their rank and character." See Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan struck forcibly on the imagination of this amiable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewise fully open to his discernment. The success must depend on the choice of subject: where that is not very happily adapted, the picture will probably contain some most ridiculous absurdities—Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate instance or two of this kind.

NOTE II. VERSE 100.

Not less absurd to flatter Nero's eyes.] Pliny furnishes us with this singular anecdote, as an instance of the extravagant abuse of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madness. "Nero had ordered himself to be painted under the figure of a Colossus, upon cloth or canvass, a hundred and twenty feet in height." The same author informs us, that this preposterous picture, when it was finished, met with its fate from lightning, which consumed it, and involved likewise the most beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The reader may find some ingenious remarks upon this subject, in the Notes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture

Peinture Ancienne, extraite de l'Histoire Naturelle de Pline. Fol. London, 1725.

NOTE III. VERSE 108.

Blest be the pencil! which from death can save.]
The sweet illusion of this enchanting art is prettily expressed in a Letter of Raphael's to his friend Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addresses him in the following words :

“ Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto - - egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole.”

Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, &c. Tom. i.
pag. 82.

The charm of Portrait-painting is still more beautifully described in verse by a friend of Raphael's, the amiable and accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago
Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas :
Huic ego delicias facio, arrisuique jocoque
Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat

Affensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur

Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.

Agnoscit balboque Patrem, puer ore salutat.

Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

These elegant lines are part of an epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hyppolyte, to her husband. See Pope's edition of the *Poemata Italicorum*, Vol. ii. page 248.

NOTE IV. VERSE 126.

Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian Maid.] Pliny has transmitted to us the History of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, first formed likenesses in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention; the girl being in love with a young man who was soon going from her into some remote country, traced out the lines of his face from his shadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen ware."

Plin. Lib. 35.

Athenagoras, the Athenian philosopher, gives a similar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumstance that the youth was sleeping when the likeness was taken from his shadow. Περιεγραψεν αὐτὴ κοιμώμενός ἐν τοίχῳ τὴν σκιάν.

The same writer, who lived in the second century

tury of the Christian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny seems to intimate that it did not survive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the Poesies de Fontenelle there is an epistle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Dibutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She describes her own work in the following stanzas :

Une lampe pretoit une lumiere sombre
 Qui m'aidoit encore à rever :
 Je voyois sur un mur se depeindre ton ombre,
 Et m'appliquois à l'observer :

Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il represente
 L'objet de notre attachement,
 C'est assez pour flater les langueurs d'une amante
 Que l'ombre seule d'un amant.

Mais je pouffai plus loin cette douce chimere,
 Je voulus fixer en ces lieux,
 Attacher à ce mur une ombre passagere
 Pour la conserver à mes yeux.

Alors en la suivant du bout d'une baguette
 Je trace une image de toi ;
 Une image, il est vrai, peu distincte, imparfaite,
 Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

NOTE V. VERSE 194.

'Twas then Panæus drew, with freedom's train.]

Panæus was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor, whom he is said to have assisted in his noblest works. Pausanias, in his Fifth Book, gives an account of several pictures by this early Artist, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Ποικίλη, Pœcile.

Besides a general representation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, and a distant view of their ships, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The most conspicuous figures among the persons engaged were Callimachus, and Miltiades, and a hero called Echetus: he mentions also another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he says, the field had its name. Pausanias, fol. Lip. 1696. p. 37.

From Pliny's account of the same picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits—adeo jam colorum usus percrebuerat, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Prælio ICONICOS duces pinxisse tradatur.— Plin. lib. xxxv. c. 8.

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremost in this illustrious group, as a reward for his having saved Athens, and all Greece.

Cor. Nep. in Vitâ Miltiadis.

Panæus flourished, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

NOTE VI. VERSE 198.

There Polygnotus, scorning servile hire.] Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the best authors of antiquity, as Aristotle and Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, &c. Pausanias speaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book introduces a very long description of other pictures by the same artist, painted also from Homer, in the Temple at Delphos. The passage however gives but a confused and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient master, what grace and softness he gave to the human countenance, what embellishments he added to the female figure and dress, are much more happily described by Pliny:—*Primus Mulieres lucidâ veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare.*—The same author likewise bears honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of this great artist, who refused any reward for his ingenious labours in the portico:—*Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede pingeret.* Plin. Lib. xxxv. cap. 8.

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

NOTE VII. VERSE 202.

Thy tragic pencil, Aristides, caught.] The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artist. He was the first, according to Pliny, who expressed Character and Passion, the Human Mind, and its several emotions; but he was not remarkable for softness of colouring. "His most celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother's breast, who is wounded and expiring. The sensations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear lest the child, upon failure of the milk, should suck her blood." "Alexander the Great," continues the same author, "took this picture with him to Pella."

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Junius, (in his learned Treatise de Picturâ Veterum) that the following beautiful epigram of Æmilianus was written on this exquisite picture :

Ελπε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρος ὃν ἔτι μαζὸν ἀμελῆεις
 Ελκυσσον ὑστάτιον ναμα καὶα φθιμένης.
 Ἡ δὲ γὰρ ξιφείσσι λιποπνούς· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρος
 Φίλτρα καὶ εἰν αἰδῇ παιδοκομεῖν ἐμαθεν.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius :

Suge, miser, nunquam quæ posthac pocula fuges ;
 Ultima ab exanimo corpore poc'la trahe !
 Expiravit enim jam faucia ; sed vel ab orco
 Infantem novit pascere matris amor.

But

But this is far inferior, and so perhaps is the original itself, to the very elegant English version of it, which Mr. Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated “Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting.”

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,
 Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives !
 She dies : her tenderness survives her breath,
 And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, Dialogue vii. p. 161.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 206.

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design.] The name of Parrhasius is immortalized by many of the most celebrated ancient authors : and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny: *Primus symmetriam picturæ dedit, primus argutias vultus, elegantiam capilli, venustatem oris : confessione artificum in lineis extremis palmam adeptus.*—He is one of the four ancient painters, whose lives are written by Carlo Dati.—This ingenious Italian very justly questions the truth of the singular story concerning Parrhasius, preserved in Seneca, where he is accused of purchasing an old Olynthian captive, and exposing him to a most wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The same author contradicts on this occasion a similar falsehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was first circulated from

from the pulpit by an ignorant priest, as we learn from Gori's Historical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his scholar Condivi.

NOTE IX. VERSE 210.

The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.] The Helen of Zeuxis is become almost proverbial: the story of the Artist's having executed the picture from an assemblage of the most beautiful females is mentioned (though with some variation as to the place) by authors of great credit, Pliny, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero. The last gives a very long and circumstantial account of it.

De Inventione, Lib. 2.

If the story is true, it is perhaps one of the strongest examples we can find of that enthusiastic passion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithstanding her præeminence in beauty, it seems somewhat singular that the painter should have chosen such a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A most celebrated Spanish Poet, though not in other respects famous for his judgment, has, I think, not injudiciously metamorphosed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herself:

Zeusis, Pintor famoso, retratando
De Juno el rostro, las faciones bellas
De cinco perfettissimas donzellas
Estuvo attentamente contemplando.

Rimas de Lope de Vega.

Lisboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junius

Junius supposes this picture to have been rated a little too high.

NOTE X. VERSE 216.

Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove.] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he sometimes very happily attempted the sublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who speak of his force and energy—The Alexander of Philip, says Plutarch, was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, says Pliny, things that surpass the power of painting, quæ pingi non possunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque—

NOTE XI. VERSE 228.

While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting or Sculpture, seems to be confessed, and accounted for in the following passage of Tully's Tusculan Disputations, Lib. i.

An censemus, si Fabio, nobilissimo homini, laudatum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhasios fuisse? honoralit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriâ, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.

The

The fine arts necessarily languish without public protection or encouragement : but public honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boasted his consummate skill in every art of empire and government, he avowed, in many works of genius and taste, his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus :
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia Sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem :
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Æneidos, Lib. VI.

NOTE XII. VERSE 244.

There studious Vinci treasur'd every rule.] Lionardo da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He was perhaps a man as universally accomplished as ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his predecessors in his own profession of Painting, but an excellent Architect and Musician, and of great skill as an Anatomist. Besides all these talents, he was, according to Vasari, the best extempore rimer of his time.—His History and Works are well known.—The singular circumstance of his dying in the arms of Francis the First, king of France, is mentioned by a French poet of the present age,

“ Lorfque

“ Lorsque Francois premier, Roi digne d’ être
heureux,
Tint Leonarda mourant dans ses bras genereux.”

And the particulars of his death are thus curiously recorded by Vafari, who speaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents :

Finalmente venuto vecchio, flette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendofi vicino alla morte, si volse diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, & della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confesso e contrito, se bene e’ non poteva reggerfi in piedi, soste nendofi nelle braccia di suoi amici, e servi, volse divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor del letto : sopraggiunfeli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le soleva visitare : per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi a sedere sul letto, contando il mal suo & gli accidenti di quello mostrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva : onde gli venne un parosismo messagiero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presola la testa per aiutarlo, & porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo alleggerisse ; lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere avere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio à quell rè nella età sua d’anni 75.

Vafari Vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 251.

Gigantic Angelo his wonders wrought.] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a Painter, to need any encomium: he was also a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunto at Florence, in quarto, in 1623: The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vafari, to whom it is addressed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind: it may serve also as a lesson to vanity, in shewing that even a genius of the sublimest class entertained great apprehension concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunti è già 'l corso della vita mia,
 Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,
 Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca
 Conto e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.
 Onde l' affettuosa fantasia
 Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
 Cognition hor ben quant 'era d'error carca
 E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia.
 Gli amorosi pensier, gia vani, e lieti
 Che sien or' s'a due morti mi avicino?
 D'una so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
 Ne pinger ne scolpir fia piu che queti
 L'anima volta a quello amor divino
 Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addressed to his friend Vafari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful servant, shews, that he united the soft virtues of a most benevolent heart to the sublime talents of an elevated mind. — This letter is printed both in Vafari, and in the first volume of *Raccolta de Lettere sulla Pittura, &c.* p. 6.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 254.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on Raphael smil'd.] Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520. His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artist. The reader will not be displeased to see the singular eulogium which the honest Vafari has bestowed on the engaging manners of this most celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori: questo è che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo umore l' arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s' amorzavano: e ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo che nel

fuo. E questo avveniva perche restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura. Vafari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

To atone for the imperfect sketch which has been here attempted of these divine artists, (Michael Angelo and Raphael) the author intended to have presented the reader with a long quotation from a most animated discourse of the President of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed these great masters in a light of comparison with each other. But as the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are no longer scarce (a new edition being now published) he shall refer the reader to the Work itself. He will find this most happy and ingenious parallel in the discourse delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.

NOTE XV. VERSE 260.

The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.]
Julio Romano was born at Rome 1492, and died at Mantua 1546.

His singular character is forcibly drawn by Vafari. He was, according to this writer, the most successful imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whose scholars became eminent, and were almost infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent. Vafari Vita di Giulio.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 268.

More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.] We find frequent censures thrown upon Titian by the critics, for confining himself “to flattering the eye by the richness and truth of his colouring, without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of interesting our feeling by affecting subjects;” the criticism is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general.

Du Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.

Why Titian chose not to follow the finished method of his excellent cotemporaries, he declared to Francesco de Vargas, the ambassador of Charles the Vth at Venice.

“I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas) I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I should be successful enough to equal them, I should always rank below them, because I should be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition, which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I might make myself famed for something, as the great Masters have done in the route they have followed.”

Antoine Perez, dans la soixante-unieme de ses Secondes Lettres.

This great Artist enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted

rupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576, at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

NOTE XVII. VERSE 282.

Soft as Catullus, sweet Corregio play'd.] Antonio da Corregio.—Very different accounts are given by different authors of the birth and fortunes of this exquisite Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vafari; who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumstances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was most exquisitely adapted to the delicate softness of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (says an Italian writer on Painting) Adam should be designed by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve designed by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio.—

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the gross neglect of Art, in the very city which he had adorned with the most exquisite productions of his pencil, are expressed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Carracci, written while he was studying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his cousin Lodovico, in 1580.—Vide *Raccolta de Lettere*, &c, Tom. I. p. 88.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 284.

Though Parma claim it for her rival son.] Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vafari :

“ Fu dal cielo largamente dotato di tutte quelle parti, che a un eccellente pittore sono richieste, poi che diede alle sue figure, oltre quello, che si è detto di molti altri, una certa venusta, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell'attitudini, che fu sua propria e particolare.”—The same author gives us a particular description of the singular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artist drew of himself reflected from a convex mirror : he relates also some curious circumstances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIIth, presented to the emperor at Bologna.—The honest biographer laments, with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this most promising painter, who being seized, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemist, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal pursuit ; his attachment to which however some authors have questioned : a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-six, in his native city of Parma, 1540.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 290.

Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.] Lo-

F 4
dovico

dovico Caracci, who with his cousins Annibal and Augustin established the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumstance that occasioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a singular proof how dangerous it is for an Artist to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son dernier ouvrage, qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathedrale de Bologne, ne reussit pas ; son age, une vuë affoiblie, & la grande elevation de l'Eglise, furent cause qu'il se confia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il etoit bien, & qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echaufauds : il fut trompé ; on critiqua fort cette peinture : Louis s'en chagrina de maniere qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619.—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres. Paris, 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Augustin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accomplishments, died at Parma in 1602.—Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farnese gallery, whom Poussin did not hesitate to rank with Raphael himself, died in a state of distraction at Rome, 1609. This melancholy event is described in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his last moments. Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.

NOTE XX. VERSE 295.

Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.] Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1518, died at Naples, not without suspicion of poison, 1640. — He entered early in life into the school of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth.—His Communion of St. Jerome was compared by the judicious Poussin to the Transfiguration of Raphael: yet Du Fresnoy has passed a severe censure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has less nobleness in his works than any other artist who studied in the school of the Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two most enlightened judges in this delicate art!

NOTE XXI. VERSE 297.

The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.] Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 299.

The tender Guido caught his graceful air.] Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595: exquisite in grace, though deficient in expression, he was held during his life in the highest estimation. A fatal passion for gaming involved him in continued scenes of distress. His personal beauty was so great, that
his

his master Lodovico Caracci is said to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 305.

Titian's mute scholar, rival of his fame.] Titian is said to have resided in Spain from the year 1548 to 1553, and seems to have raised a strong passion for Art in that country.—His most eminent disciple was Juan Fernandez Ximenes de Navarrete, who is called by his Spanish Biographer, The Titian of Spain.—Though born deaf and dumb, from whence he derives his common title *el Mudo*, he rose to great reputation as a Painter; and was warmly patronized by his Sovereign, as appears from the following incident—In painting the martyrdom of a Saint, he had introduced the figure of his personal enemy, who happened to be the King's Secretary, in the character of the Executioner: the Secretary complained to his master, and petitioned that his features might be effaced; but his Majesty defended the Painter, and ordered the figure to remain.—In praising this singular genius, I have ventured to borrow something like a conceit from the famous Spanish Poet Lope de Vega, who has celebrated his talents in the following verses:

Del Mudo Pintor famosissimo.

No quiso el cielo que hablasse,
 Porque con mi entendimiento
 Dieße mayor sentimiento
 A las cosas que pintasse.

Y tanta

Y tanta vida les di
 Con el pincel singular,
 Que como no pude hablar,
 Hize que hablasen por mi.

The Poet also honoured this favourite Artist, who died in 1572, with an Epitaph, which turns on the same idea, and which the curious reader may find in the Work, from whence I have taken this short account of him.

Vidas de los Pittores Espanoles, por Palamino Velasco, Octavo, London, 1744.

NOTE XXIV. VERSE 310.

And thou, Velasquez, share the honour due.] Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, the most accomplished of the Spanish Painters, was born at Seville, 1594, and clos'd his honourable and splendid life at Madrid in 1660.—His master was Pacheco, a Spaniard, who united the sister arts of Painting and Poetry.—Velasquez was patronized by the famous Olivarez, and had the honour of painting our Charles the First, during his visit at Madrid: perhaps he contributed not a little to form the taste and passion for art, by which that Prince was so eminently distinguished. The Spanish Painter rose to great honours in his own country, and had, like Rubens, the singular fortune to unite the character of an Ambassador with that of an Artist, being sent on an extraordinary commission, in 1648, to Pope Innocent X.

One of his most striking historical pictures, was the expulsion of the Moors from Spain ; a noble, national subject, which he painted for Philip the Third, in competition with three Artists of reputation, and obtained the preference.

But he is particularly celebrated for the spirit and energy of his Portraits ; concerning which there are two singular anecdotes related by his Spanish Biographer ; and the following may possibly amuse the reader :

In 1639, he executed a portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Commander in chief of an armament appointed to New Spain ; and pleased himself so well in the execution, that he affixed his name to the picture ; a circumstance not usual with him. He had painted with pencils of uncommon length, for the sake of working at a greater distance, and with peculiar force ; so that the picture (says my Spanish author) when near, is not to be distinguished, and at a distance is a miracle. As Velasquez, after this portrait was finished, was at work in the palace, the King, as usual, went privately to his apartment to see him paint ; when observing the figure of Pareja, and taking it for the real person, he exclaimed with surprize, " What ! are you still here ? have you " not your dispatches ? and why are you not gone ? " But soon perceiving his mistake, he turn'd to Velasquez (who modestly doubted the reality of the deception) and said, " I protest to you it deceived me."—For this story, such as it is, I am indebted

indebted to the author whom I have quoted in the preceding Note. The celebrated Murillo, whose pictures are much better known in England than those of his master, was a disciple of Velasquez.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 316.

Thy care the soft, the rich Murillo form'd.] Don Bartolome Estevan Murillo was born in the neighbourhood of Seville, in 1613. His first master was Juan de Castillo; but he soon settled in Madrid; under the protection of Velasquez, who contributed to his improvement in the most generous manner. The Spaniards boast that Murillo became a great Painter, without ever travelling out of Spain. He is said to have refused the offer of an establishment in England from Charles the Second, and to have pleaded his age as an excuse for not quitting his own country; where he died, and was buried with great marks of honour, in 1685.

NOTE XXVI. VERSE 323.

No mean historian to record their praise.] George Vafari, to whom we are indebted for a most valuable history of Italian Painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany, 1511.—Though the fame of the author seems to have eclipsed that of the artist, he rose to considerable eminence as a painter, and has left us a particular and entertaining account of himself

self and his pictures in the close of his great work—it is introduced with an apology, in which he speaks of his own talents, and extreme passion for his art, in the most modest and engaging manner.—His generous desire of doing justice to the merit of others is most happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus :

“ Ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate & eleganter scripta illustravit, Georgius Vasarius meruit, ut inter viros ingenio & literis præstantes accenseretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor & architectus nostra ætate præstantissimus, diu magno Etruriæ Duci Cosino, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio navavit; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupendum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo v kalend. Quintil. vivis exemptus est; exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Florentia ubi decessit, Aretium in patriam translatus; quo loco in principali secundum sedem Episcopalem templo in sacello ab ipso juxta sumptuoso et admirando artificio exstructo sepultus.

Thuanus sub ann. 1574.

NOTE XXVII. VERSE 342.

On her pure Style see mild Bologna claim.] The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only speaks with the greatest warmth of the obligation which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci,

Caracci, for having raised it from that state of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the schools of Italy; but at the same time points out also the various mannerists who had chiefly contributed to its debasement.

The style introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joshua Reynolds (See Discourse 1769) as better suited to grave and dignified subjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

N O T E XXVIII. VERSE 345.

—————*Titian's golden rays.*] This expression is borrowed from the close of that elegant sentence of modern Latin, which the author of Fitzosborne's Letters has so justly commended, "*Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam verè suam denunciat.*" See his excellent letter on Metaphors, p. 50.

N O T E XXIX. VERSE 353.

And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrandt's Force.] Rembrant Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1674, or, according to some accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great master, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him universally known. His singular studies, and the pride which he seems to have taken
in

in the natural force of his genius, appear strongly marked in the two following passages of his French Biographer :

“Les murs de son atelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d’armures extraordinaires, étoient toutes ses études, ainsi qu’une armoire pleine d’étoffes anciennes, & d’autres choses pareilles, qu’il avoit coutume d’appeller ses antiques. — Rembrandt, qui se glorifioit de n’avoir jamais vu l’Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l’étoit venu visiter à Amsterdam : & qui lui répondit, “Je le vois bien.” Rembrandt naturellement brusque reprit : “Qui es tu pour me parler de la sorte ?” — Vandick répondit ; “Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir.” — Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres, Tom. III. p. 113.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 356.

Yet, Holland, thy unwearied labours raise.] There is no article of taste, on which different writers have run more warmly into the opposite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in estimating the painters of Holland. Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance ; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures, which are
treated

treated by others with the most supercilious neglect. —But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise; —and ranking the most eminent Dutch artists below the great Italian masters, yet allows them considerable and peculiar merit.—A French author says, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are “dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaissant font dans la poesie.” In design their forte is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 380.

Proud of the praise by Rubens' pencil won.] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily styled by Mr. Walpole, “The Popular Painter,” was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The history of his life furnishes a most striking incentive to the young painter's ambition. —The many accomplishments which he possessed, the infinitude of works which he produced, the reputation and esteem, the various honours and ample fortune which he so justly acquired, present to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a course of constant and spirited application. Though he visited the court of Charles the First in the public character of an ambassador, it does not appear how long he resided here; —Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year.—His pictures in the ceiling at

Whitehall were not painted in England; which perhaps is the reason he has been at the pains of finishing them so neatly, that they will bear the nearest inspection; for he must have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its first happy impression on the public, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court instantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which state it has been lately rescued by that excellent artist Mr. Cipriani, to whose care it has been most judiciously committed to be cleaned and repaired.—Rubens received for this work £. 3000.

NOTE XXXII. VERSE 388.

Her soft Vandyke, while graceful portraits please.]
 Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated scholar of Rubens, died of the same disorder which proved fatal to his master, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his first visit to England he received no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming soon afterwards acquainted with his merit, sent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy; and the king, who shewed him, by frequent sittings, the

the most flattering marks of esteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him also with the grant of an annuity of £.200 for life.

NOTE XXXIII. VERSE 391.

From Flanders first the secret power she caught.]
The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two signal discoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital spirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into question—Germany made a strong, but unsuccessful effort to rob Holland of the glory which she derives from the first invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been said) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that discovery is generally ascribed, about the year 1410. — But Vafari, in his Life of Antonello da Messina, relates very particularly the circumstances of Van Eyck's invention, and the subsequent introduction of the secret into Italy. A most learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has supposed that Van Eyck might possibly “learn the secret of using oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himself, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of such a secret.” —

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. I. p. 29.
 ———The conjecture is not without some little foundation; — but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention, are by no means sufficiently strong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

Since the preceding part of this Note was written, the reputation both of Van Eyck, and his encomiast Vafari, has been very forcibly attacked in an Essay on Oil-painting, by Mr. Raspe; an Essay which discovers such a zealous attachment to the arts, and such an active pursuit of knowledge, as do great credit to its ingenious author. But, though I have perused it with the attention it deserves, it does not lead me to retract what I had said; because, after all his researches on this subject, it appears that although Oil-painting was not absolutely the invention of Van Eyck, it was yet indebted to him for those improvements which made it of real value to his profession.—The ingenious Fleming seems therefore to be still entitled to those honours that have been lavished on his name, as improvement in such cases is often more useful and more meritorious than invention itself, which is frequently the effect of chance, while the former arises from well-directed study.

NOTE XXXIV. VERSE 395.

Where sumptuous Leo courted every Muse.] The
 8 name

name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raised to the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage and encouragement to learning, which had before distinguished his illustrious family. He was profuse and magnificent. The various and celebrated productions of taste and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth as one of the great æras of literature.

N O T E XXXV. V E R S E 405.

Untrodden paths of Art Salvator tried.] Salvator Rosa was born at a village near Naples, in 1615. After a youth of poverty and adventure, he raised himself by his various and uncommon talents into lucrative reputation. Having passed nine years at Florence, in considerable employment, he settled in Rome, and died there at the age of 58, in 1673.—He was one of the few characters who have possessed a large portion of pleasant vivacity and satirical humour, with a sublime imagination. His talents as a painter are universally celebrated; but his social virtues, though perhaps not inferior, are far from being so generally known. In the “*Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura*” there are many of his letters to his intimate friend Ricciardi, an Italian poet, and professor of moral philosophy at Pisa, which perfectly display the warmth of his friendship, and the generosity of his heart.—They contain

tain also some amusing anecdotes relating to his profession, and the great delight which he took in discovering historical subjects of a peculiar cast, untouched by other painters, and appearing to an ignorant eye almost beyond the limits of his art. He seems to describe himself with justice, as well as energy, in the following words of a letter to Ricciardi, " tutto bile, tutto spirito, tutto fuoco."— Though he must have been wonderfully pleasant as a companion, and valuable as a friend, yet he laments that his satires had made him many enemies, and heartily wishes he had never produced them : In that which relates to Painting, he exposes indeed the vices of his brethren with great freedom and severity.—It is remarkable that his poetry abounds more with learned allusions than with high flights of imagination ; yet in the satire I have mentioned, there is much whimsical fancy. An ape is introduced applying to a painter, and begging to learn his profession, as Nature he says has given him a genius for the mimetic arts.—The painter complies—but his disciple, after an apprenticeship of ten years, bids his master adieu, with many humorous execrations against the art of Painting.—Other parts of the poem contain many sensible and serious remarks on the abuses of the pencil ; and as the author has given us a portrait of himself in his poetical character, I shall present it to the reader as a specimen of his style.

La stiate all ombra, e il pigro verno al foco
 Tra modesti defii l' anno mi vede
 Pinger per gloria, e poetar per gioco.
 Delle fatiche mie scopo, e mercede
 E' sodisfare al genio, al giusto, al vero :
 Chi si sente scottar, ritiri 'l piede.

Dica pur quanto sà rancor severo :
 Contro le sue faette ho doppio usbergo ;
 Non conosco interesse, e son' sincero :
 Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo :
 Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano,
 E per util commune i fogli vergo.
 Satire di Salvator Rosa, pag. 68,
 Edit. Amsterdam, 1719.

NOTE XXXVI. VERSE 427.

The sage Poussin, with purest fancy fraught.] Nicolas Poussin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594: one of his first patrons was the whimsical Italian poet Marino, who being struck with some fresco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in some designs from his own poem l'Adone, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive simplicity and patient application in 1665.

NOTE XXXVII. VERSE 435.

Then rose Le Brun, his scholar, and his friend.]
 Charles Le Brun, universally known by his *Battles of Alexander*, and his *Treatise on the Passions*, was born in Paris 1619 : having presided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the *Abrégé* assures us, from the *chagrin* which he received from a cabal raised against him in favour of his rival Mignard : but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendship of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praise, have been able to raise Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

NOTE XXXVIII. VERSE 441.

Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taste.]
 Eustache Le Sueur (who, without the advantage of studying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to visit him in his last moments, is reported to have said, on quitting his chamber, “*Que la mort alloit lui tirer une grosse epine du pied.*” If he was capable of uttering such a sentiment, at such a time, he thoroughly deserved the fate which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

NOTE XXXIX. VERSE 447.

Though Fresnoy teaches, in Horatian song.] Charles Alfonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem *de Arte graphicâ*, very hastily translated into English prose by Dryden, was himself a painter of some eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.

N O T E S

T O T H E

S E C O N D E P I S T L E.

N O T E X L. V E R S E 15.

THOUGH foreign Theorists, with System blind.]

The vain and frivolous speculations of some eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great spirit in an ingenious essay by Mr. Barry, entitled, "An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England." As this work highly distinguishes the elegance of his pen, his Venus rising from the sea does equal honour to his pencil.

N O T E X L I. V E R S E 33.

*Fierce Harry reign'd, who, soon with pleasure
cloy'd.]* In this short account of the influence
which the different characters of our Sovereigns
have

have had on the progress of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

N O T E XLII. VERSE 45.

Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.] An accomplished Critic of our own time has touched on *the moral Efficacy of Picture*, with his usual elegance and erudition. After having illustrated the subject from the writings of Aristotle and Xenophon, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—"Yet, considering its vast power in morals, one cannot enough lament the ill destiny of this divine art, which, from the chaste handmaid of Virtue, hath been debauched, in violence of her nature, to a shameless prostitute of Vice, and procurers of Pleasure."—Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace :

"Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella."

To this let me add one observation for the honour of our English artists!—The prostitution of the pencil, so justly lamented by this amiable writer, is perhaps less frequent in this kingdom, than in any country whatever, in which Painting has been known to rise to an equal degree of perfection.

N O T E XLIII. VERSE 93.

Yet to thy Palace Kneller's skill supplied.] Sir Godfrey Kneller, born at Lubec 1646, settled in England

England 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baronet by George the First, and died 1723.—No Painter was ever more flattered by the Muses; who gave him credit for talents which he never displayed. Dryden says, in his enchanting Epistle to Kneller:

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,	}
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dares design	
A more exalted work, and more divine.	

But the drudgery of the Poet arose from the most cruel necessity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the bane of excellence in every profession!—If Sir Godfrey had any talents for history, which is surely very doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well observes, no reason to regret that he was confined to portraits, as his pencil has faithfully transmitted to us “*so many ornaments of an illustrious age.*”

Though I have partly subscribed to the general idea, that William, in whose reign this Painter principally flourished, “contributed nothing to the advancement of arts,” yet I must observe, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with knighthood, and the additional present of a gold medal and chain, weighing £. 300, may justify those lines of Pope, which describe “The Hero, William,” as an encourager of Painting.

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 97.

While partial Taste from modest Riley turn'd.]
John Riley was born in London 1646: Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second; who, looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, "Is this like me? then, Ods-fish, I am an ugly fellow."—The same author says happily of this artist, "With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have persuaded the world he was as great a master." Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, soon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout, 1691.

NOTE XLV. VERSE 101.

And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorsetshire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great physician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profession; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1734.—His talents as a Painter are universally known, from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

NOTE XLVI. VERSE III.

The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.] About twenty years ago, the present Duke of Richmond opened, in his house at Whitehall, a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well-chosen collection of casts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students.—This noble encouragement of art, though superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to remembrance and honour : it not only served as a prelude to more extensive institutions, but contributed much towards forming some capital artists of the present time. The name of Mortimer is alone sufficient to reflect a considerable lustre on this early school.

NOTE XLVII. VERSE 134.

Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly.] Although the superior excellencies of this admirable artist make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquisite productions ; yet he is far from being the only artist, whose pictures soon discover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring seems indeed to be the chief defect among our present painters in oil ; and it must be the most ardent wish of every lover of art, that so great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a society of enlightened artists, estab-

blished for the improvement of every branch of Painting, it may be hoped that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ some person, who has patience and abilities for such an office, to discover, by a course of experiments, to what cause this important evil is owing. If it be found to arise from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varnishes, might it not be eligible for the Academy to follow the example of another profession, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a shop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and sell the various ingredients, free from those adulterations which private interest might otherwise produce?

But there may be no just ground of complaint against the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps arise from the artist's mixing his colours, and their vehicles, in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, using oil only fully stained with it, to which a proper consistence (or body, as the painters call it) is given by strong gum varnishes; in short, using more vehicle than colour; by which, although most brilliant and transparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too much attenuated, and divided from each other, and consequently less able to withstand the destructive action of light. If the deficiency

ency complained of originates from this source; the Academy, by a careful course of experiments, may be able clearly to ascertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are most durable; what oils and varnishes will best preserve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the best proportions for this purpose in which they can be used; and how far glazing (that almost irresistible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All these points are at present so far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two Painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his presuming to offer a hint on this delicate subject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to address to them, arise only from the most ardent wish, that future ages may have a just and adequate sense of the flourishing state of Painting in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our present excellent artists may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the esteem of posterity.

A very liberal Critic *, in his flattering remarks on the Poem, seems, in speaking of this Note, to mistake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are so managed, for the sake of an imme-

* *Vide* the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1778, p. 526.

diate and short-lived brilliancy, that they sink very soon into no colour at all. He did not mean to touch on those changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the shadows one mass of black. This is likewise a great evil, and calls aloud for redress. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cause of this defect, *viz.* the indiscriminate blending of the colours, and the not using pure, simple, uncompounded tints.

NOTE XLVIII. VERSE 138.

The leading Principles of liberal Art.] I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artist here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profession, but may justly be ranked among the first writers of the age. His Discourses, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artists to whom they are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expression.

NOTE XLIX. VERSE 151.

Thy Ugolino, &c.] As the subject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet so little known to the English reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to say, that in Richardson's Discourse on the Science of a Connoisseur, there is a translation

tion of the story in English blank verse. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a translation of it in rhyme.—As to the picture, no artist could express more happily the wild and sublime spirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may justly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addressed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expression :

“ Fabro gentil, ben sai,
Ch’ ancor tragico caso e’ caro Oggetto,
E che spesso l’ Horror va col Diletto.”

MARINO.

NOTE L. VERSE 165.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay.]
While we are delighted with the increasing splendor of these annual entertainments, it is but just to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our first public exhibition of Paintings. The different societies of artists soon followed so excellent an example ; and our rapid and various improvements in this lovely art reflect the highest honour on this happy institution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the best nursery for the protection of infant genius, and the noblest field for the display of accomplished merit : nor do they only administer to the benefit of the artist, and the pleasure of the public : they have still a more exalted tendency ; and when national subjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may
justly

justly be regarded as schools of public virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a sublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inspiring martial enthusiasm, our exhibitions may be said to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of those, who fill the different departments of more tranquil life. In support of this sentiment, I beg leave to transcribe the following judicious remark from an author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and spirited Essays. "They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well-directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artist's gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence." — KNOX's *Essays Moral and Literary*, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.

NOTE LI. VERSE 255.

Thy Talents, Hogarth! &c.] William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to

an engraver of the most ordinary class; but his comic talents, which are said to have appeared first in the prints to Hudibras, soon raised him to fame and fortune.—He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764.—The peculiar merits of his pencil are unquestionable. His *Analysis of Beauty* has been found more open to dispute; but however the greater adepts in the science may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

NOTE LII. VERSE 370.

Whose needy Titian calls for ill-paid gold.]
 Richardson has fallen into a mistake concerning the famous Danaë, and other pictures of Titian, which he says (in quoting a letter of Titian's without considering its address) were painted for Henry the VIIIth of England; a tyrant, indeed, voluptuous and cruel, but still less detestable than the fullen and unnatural Philip the II^d of Spain, who filled up the measure of his superior guilt by the horrid assassination of his son. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, assumed the title of king of England; and to him Titian addressed the letter, which speaks of the pictures in question: the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His solicitude to ensure his protection and favour, is strongly marked in the following short passage of
 a letter

SECOND EPISTLE. 101

a letter which he addressed to one of Philip's attendants. "Mando ora la poesia di Venere e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedrà, quanto spirito e amore so mettere nell'opere di sua Maestà."

Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 27.

How poorly this great artist was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaint, which he had spirit enough to address to the king, on the many hardships he suffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the pension which had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the Vth.

Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 379.

NOTE LIII. VERSE 436.

Bid English pencils honour English worth.] The great encouragement given our painters to select subjects from English history, has of late years been very observable. Many individuals of rank and fortune have promoted this laudable plan with spirit and effect, and the Society of Arts and Sciences have confined their premiums to subjects taken from the British Annals.

NOTE LIV. VERSE 441.

Her wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect peer.] The gallant, the amiable, and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney may be justly placed on a level with the noble Bayard, "Le Chevalier sans peur & sans re-

proche;" whose glory has of late received new lustre from the pen of Robertson and the pencil of West. The striking scene here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvass, but is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke.——See Biograph. Britan. Art. SIDNEY.

The particulars also are minutely described, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leicester to Sir Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collins's Memoirs of the Sidneys. The tide of national admiration flowed very strong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Walpole, in speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are sufficient to bear down all opposition.— Instead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip Sidney as "an astonishing object of temporary admiration," I am surprised that so judicious an author should ever question so fair a title to universal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage and courtesy, of Sidney endeared him to every rank; and he justly challenges the lasting affection of his country from the closing scene of his life, in which heroism and humanity are so beautifully blended. I never can think this accomplished character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are many touches of exquisite beauty and spirit) to amuse a most amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened

threatened an unworthy servant of his father's with death in a hasty billet, merely to intimidate and deter him from the future commission of an infamous breach of trust, in opening his letters.

NOTE LV. VERSE 468.

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.] Margaret, eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The scene which I have proposed for the subject of a picture, is taken from the following passage in Ballard :

“ After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, she took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter's ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower ; and afterwards she procured his corpse to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church at Chelsea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames to make room for others, she bought it. For this she was summoned before the council, as the same author relates, and behaved with the greatest firmness, justifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, imprisoned, but soon released ; and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-six, was buried at St. Dunstan's in Canterbury. The head of her father, which she had preserved, with religious veneration, in a box of lead,

was, at her particular request, committed with her to the grave. It was seen standing on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her husband's family) was opened."—See Ballard's *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 36.

The character of this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addison and Walpole.—She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Esquire, of Kent, to the infinite satisfaction of her father; for she seems to have been the dearest object of his parental affection, which is very strongly marked in his letters addressed to her. She was indeed most eminently distinguished by her learning, in an age when the graces of the mind were regarded as an essential article in female education: but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a still superior lustre on this accomplished woman.—There is more than one passage in her life, which would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as such by Mr. Walpole.

NOTE LVI. VERSE 523.

But, oh! how poor the prostrate Satan lies.] It is remarkable, that the greatest painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and West, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardson observes, in his description of the pictures of Italy, —“*Je n'ai jamais vu d'aucun Maître une représentation*

séntation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me fatistit.” Page 500.

In recommending this subject to the pencil, it may be proper to observe, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation :—“ Spinello, fameux Peintre Toscan, ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles, donna des traits si terribles à Lucifer, qu’il en fut lui-même saisi d’horreur, & tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l’avoir représenté sous une figure si hidieuse.

Tiffot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.”

As this story is so singular, it may amuse some readers to see it in the words of Vafari, from whom Tiffot seems to have taken it.—The Italian Biographer says, in describing a picture by Spinello Aretino; who flourished in the close of the 14th century, “ Si vede un Lucifero gia mutato in bestia bruttissima. E si compiacque tanto Spinello di farlo orribile, e contraffatto, che si dice (tanto puo alcuna fiata l’immaginazione) che la detta figura da lui dipinta gl’apparue in sogno domandandolo, doue egli l’hauesse veduta si brutta e per che fattole tale scorno con i suoi pennelli : E che egli svegliatosi dal sonno, per la paura, non potendo gridare, con tremito grandissimo si scosse di maniera che la moglie destatasi lo soccorse : ma niente di manco fu per cio a rischio, stringenlogli il cuore, di morirsi

rirsi per cotale accidente, subitamente. Ben che ad ogni modo spiritaticcio, e con occhi tondi, poco tempo vivendo poi si condusse alla morte lasciando di se gran desiderio a gli amici.”——Vasari Vita di Spinello Aretino, pag. 218. Edit. di Giunti.



E P I S T L E

T O

A F R I E N D,

O N T H E D E A T H O F

J O H N T H O R N T O N, E s q.

CUJUS EGO INTERITU TOTA DE MENTE FUGAVI
HÆC STUDIA, ATQUE OMNES DELICIAS ANIMI.

NOTESCATQUE MAGIS MORTUUS ATQUE MAGIS.

CATULLUS,

E P I S T L E

T O

A F R I E N D.

IN vain, dear Monitor, thy kind desire
To wake the embers of poetic fire !
To clear the mind, where Grief's dark shadows
 lower,
And Fancy dies by Sorrow's freezing power !
In vain would Friendship's chearing voice suggest 5
Her flattering visions to the Poet's breast ;
That public favor calls, with just demand,
Th' expected volume from his lingering hand :
Lost are those anxious hopes, that eager pride ;
With thee, my THORNTON, they declin'd, they died.
Friend

Friend of my opening soul ! whose love began 14
 To hail thy Poet, ere he rank'd as man !
 Whose praise, like dew-drops which the early morn
 Sheds with mild virtue on the vernal thorn,
 Taught his young mind each swell of thought to show,
 And gave the germs of fancy strength to blow ! 16
 Dear, firm associate of his studious hour,
 Who led his idler step to Learning's bower !
 Tho' young, imparting to his giddier youth
 Thy thirst of science, and thy zeal for truth ! 20

Ye towers of Granta, where our friendship grew,
 And that pure mind expanded to my view,
 Our love fraternal let your walls attest,
 Where Attic joys our letter'd evening blest ;
 Where midnight, from the chains of sleep reliev'd, 25
 Stole on our social studies unperceiv'd !

But not, my THORNTON ! in that calm alone
 Was thy mild genius, thy warm virtue known :
 When manhood mark'd the hour for busy strife,
 And led us to the crowded maze of life, 30
 Where honours dearly bought, and golden spoil,
 Tempt not the careless Bard who shrinks from toil,
 And whence to sweet retirement's soothing shade,
 Love and the Muse thy willing friend convey'd ;

Thy soul, more firm to join the struggling crowd,
 To nobler Themis toilsome homage vow'd, 36
 With zeal, devoting to her sacred throne
 A heart as uncorrupted as her own.
 Still as thy mind, with manly powers endued,
 The opening path of active life pursued, 40
 And round the ripening field of business rang'd,
 Thy heart, unwarp'd, unharden'd, unestrang'd,
 To early friendship still retain'd its truth,
 With all the warm integrity of youth.

Whene'er affliction's force thy friend oppress, 45
 Thou wert the rock on which his cares might rest;
 From thy kind words his rising hopes would own
 The charm of reason in affection's tone.
 Where is the soothing voice of equal power,
 To take its anguish from the present hour? 50
 Beneath the pressure of a grief so just,
 The lenient aid of books in vain I trust:
 They, that could once the war of thought controul,
 And banish discord from the jarring soul,
 Now irritate the mind they us'd to heal, 55
 They speak too loudly of the loss I feel.

Thou faithful censor of the Poet's strain,
 No more shalt thou his sinking hope sustain,

No more, with ardent zeal's enlivening fire,
Call from inglorious shades his silent lyre : 60
No more, as in our days of pleasure past,
The eye of judgment o'er his labours cast ;
Keen to discern the blemishes, that lurk
In the loose texture of his growing work ;
Eager to praise, yet resolute to blame, 65
Kind to his verse, but kinder to his fame,

How may the Muse, who prosper'd by thy care,
Now meet the public eye without despair ?
Now, if harsh censures on her failings pour,
Her warmest advocate can speak no more : 70
Cold are those lips, which breath'd the kind defence,
If spleen's proud cavil strain'd her tortur'd sense ;
Which bade her song to public praise aspire,
And call'd attention to her trembling lyre.
Ah ! could she now, thus petrified with grief, 75
Find in some lighter lay a vain relief,
Still must she deem such verse, if such could be,
A wound to friendship, and a crime to thee ;
Profanely utter'd at this sacred time,
When thy pale corse demands her plaintive rhyme, 80
And Virtue, weeping whom she could not save,
Calls the just mourner to thy recent grave.

Hail,

Hail, hallow'd vault ! whose darksome caverns hold
A frame, though mortal, of no common mould ;
A heart scarce fullied with a human flaw, 85
Which shun'd no duty, and transgress'd no law ;
In joy still guarded, in distress serene,
'Thro' life a model of the golden mean,
Which Friendship only led him to transgress,
Whose heavenly spirit sanctifies excess. 90

Pure mind ! whose meekness, in thy mortal days,
Pursuing virtue, still retir'd from praise ;
Nor wish'd that Friendship should on marble give
That perfect image of thy worth to live,
Which 'twas thy aim alone to leave impress'd 95
On the close tablet of her faithful breast.
If now her verse against thy wish rebel,
And strive to blazon, what she lov'd so well,
Forgive the tender thought, the moral song,
Which would thy virtues to the world prolong ; 100
That, rescued from the grave's oblivious shade,
Their useful lustre may be still survey'd,
Dear to the pensive eye of fond regret,
As light still beaming from a sun that's set.

Oft to our giddy Muse thy voice has taught 105
 The just ambition of poetic thought ;
 Bid her bold view to latest time extend,
 And strive to make futurity her friend.
 If any verse, her little art can frame,
 May win the partial voice of distant fame, 110
 Be it the verse, whose fond ambition tries
 To paint thy mind in truth's unfading dyes,
 Tho' firm, yet tender, ardent, yet refin'd ;
 With Roman strength and Attic grace combin'd. 114
 What tho' undeck'd with titles, power, and wealth,
 Great were thy generous deeds, and done by stealth ;
 For thy pure bounty from observance stole,
 Nor wish'd applause, but from thy conscious soul.
 Tho' thy plain tomb no sculptur'd form may shew,
 No boastful witness of suspected woe ; 120
 Yet heavenly shapes, that shun the glare of day,
 To that dear spot shall nightly visits pay :
 Pale Science there shall o'er her votary strew
 Her flow'rs, yet moist with sorrow's recent dew :
 There Charity, Compassion's lovely child, 125
 In rustic notes pathetically wild,

With

With grateful blessings bid thy name endure,
 And mourn the patron of her village-poor.
 E'en from the midnight shew with music gay,
 The soul of Beauty to thy tomb shall stray, 139
 In sweet distraction steal from present mirth,
 To sigh unnotic'd o'er the hallow'd earth,
 Which hides those lips, that glow'd with tender fire,
 And sung her praises to no common lyre :
 But Friendship, wrapt in sorrow's deepest gloom, 135
 Shall keep the longest vigils at thy tomb ;
 Her wounded breast, disdainful of relief,
 There claims a fond præeminence in grief :
 She, as the seasons of the year return,
 Shall place thy fav'rite plants around thy urn, 140
 Which, in the luxury of tender thought,
 Her care shall raise, with plaintive emblems wrought,
 Recalling ever, with remembrance sweet,
 Thy kind attachment to her calm retreat.

Short was thy life, but ah ! its thread how fine ! 145
 How pure the texture of the finish'd line !
 What tho' thy opening manhood could not gain
 Those late rewards, maturer toils attain ;

Hope's firmest promises 'twas thine to raise,
 That merit's brightest meed would grace thy
 lengthen'd days ; 150

For thine were Judgment's patient powers, to draw
 Entangled justice from the nets of law ;
 Thine firm Integrity, whose language clear
 Ne'er swell'd with arrogance, or shook with fear.
 Reason's mild power, unvex'd by mental strife, 155
 Sway'd the calm current of thy useful life ;
 Whose even course was in no season lost,
 Nor rough with storms, nor stagnated by frost.

In scenes of public toil, or social ease,
 'Twas thine by firm sincerity to please ; 160
 Sweet as the breath of spring thy converse flow'd,
 As summer's noon-tide warmth thy friendship
 glow'd.

O'er thy mild manners, by no art constrain'd,
 A pensive, pleasing melancholy reign'd,
 Which won regard, and charm'd th' attentive eye, 165
 Like the soft lustre of an evening sky :
 Yet if perchance excited to defend
 The injur'd merit of an absent friend,

That

That gentle spirit, rous'd to virtuous ire,
Indignant flash'd resentment's noble fire. 170

Tho' just observance in thy life may trace
A lovely model of each moral grace,
Thy last of days the noblest lesson taught :
Severe instruction ! and too dearly bought !
Whose force from memory never can depart, 175
But while it mends, must agonize the heart.

Tho' thy shrunk nerves were destin'd to sustain
Th' increasing horrors of slow-wasting pain ;
Those spirit-quenching pangs, whose base controul
Clouds the clear temper, and exhausts the soul ; 180

Yet in that hour, when Death asserts his claim,
And his strong summons shakes the conscious frame ;
When weaker minds ; by frantic fear o'erthrown,
Shrink in wild horror from the dread Unknown,

Thy firmer soul, with Christian strength renew'd, 185
Nor lost in languor, nor by pain subdued,

(While thy cold grasp the hand of Friendship prest,
And her vain aid in fault'ring accents blest)

With awe, but not as Superstition's slave,
Survey'd the gathering shadows of the grave ; 190

And to thy God, in death, devoutly paid
That calm obedience which thy life display'd.

Thou friend ! yet left me of the choicer few,
Whom grief's fond eyes with growing love review ;
O thou ! whom mutual sorrow will incline 195
To mix thy sympathetic sighs with mine ;
Still be it ours to pay, with just regret,
At Friendship's sacred shrine our common debt !
Tho' doom'd (so Heaven ordains) to see no more
The gentle Being, whom we both deplore ; 200
Painting shall still, sweet soothing art ! supply
A form so precious in Affection's eye.

Ah ! little thought we, in that happier hour,
When our gay Muse rehears'd the Pencil's power ;
To mourn that form in cold obstruction laid, 205
And see him only by the pencil's aid !
Blest be that pencil, every art be blest,
That stamps his image deeper on our breast !

Oft let us loiter on his favourite hill,
Whose shades the sadly-pleasing thought instil ; 210
Recount his kindness, as we fondly rove,
And meet his spirit in the lonely grove.

At evening's pensive hour, or opening day,
He yet shall seem the partner of our way.
Blest Spirit ! still thro' Fancy's ear impart 215
The calm of virtue to the troubled heart !
Correct each sordid view, each vain desire,
And touch the mortal, with celestial fire !
So may we still, in this dark scene of earth,
Hold sweet communion with thy living worth ; 220
And, while our purer thoughts thy merit scan,
Revere the Angel, as we lov'd the Man.





O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

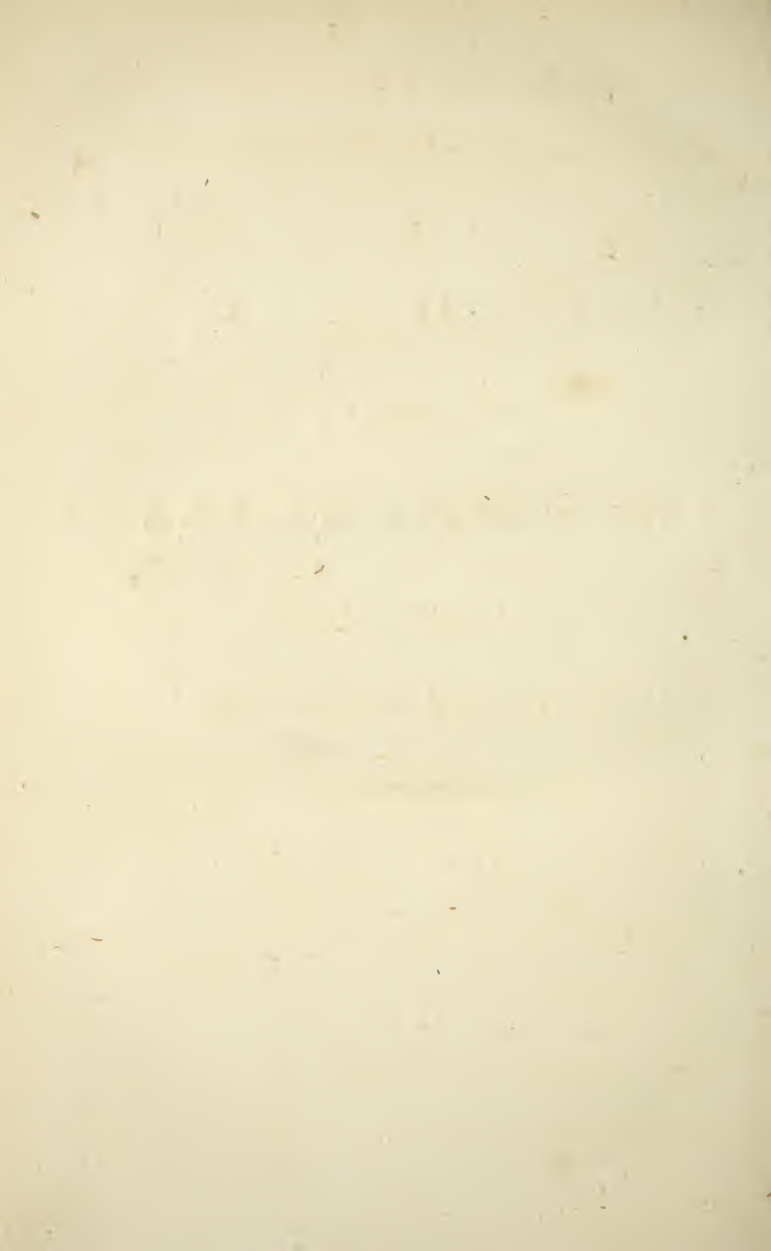
JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF

"The State of English and Foreign Prisons,"

Πολεσιν ευσεβης ποιηας.

EURIPIDES.



O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!

Philanthropy, benignant Power!

Whose sons display no doubtful worth,

The pageant of the passing hour!

Teach me to paint, in deathless song,

Some darling from thy filial throng,

Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,

But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,

To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre!

Ah! whither lead'st thou?—whence that sigh?

What sound of woe my bosom jars?

Why pass, where Misery's hollow eye

Glares wildly thro' those gloomy bars?

Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
 Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes :
 Where Guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
 And Blasphemy the mournful scene embroils ?—
 From this infernal gloom my shudd'ring soul recoils.

But whence those sudden sacred beams ?
 Oppression drops his iron rod !
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
 To speak the presence of a God.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day !
 Loveliest of angels !—at her side
 Her favourite votary stands ;—her English pride,
 Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail ! generous HOWARD ! tho' thou bear
 A name which Glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
 In characters that fear not Time ;
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings ;
 For thee from Paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's * praise shall ever bloom,
Who shielded our insulted coast ;
And launch'd his lightning to consume
The proud Invader's routed host.
Brave perils rais'd his noble name :
But thou deriv'st thy matchless fame
From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells ;
Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
Valor's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
With heartless hope to raise that aid
His feeble cries have call'd in vain :
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores ;
Thy voice his parting breath restores ;
Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
Thy constant fortitude inspires
In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
Med'cine †, with selfish dread, retires ?

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

† *Mussabat tacito Medecina timore.*

LUCRETIVS.

Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears :
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears :
 For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill ;
 Chief nourisher of life ! best antidote of ill,

I see the hallow'd shade of HALES *,
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
 As thy protecting angel wait ;
 To save thee from the snares of Fate,

* STEPHEN HALES, minister of Teddington : he died at the age of 84, 1761 ; and has been justly called " An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman, and to his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young ; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms ; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn ;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

Commission'd from the Eternal Throne :
 I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
 The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

Thy soul supplies new funds of health,
 That fail not, in the trying hour,
 Above Arabia's spicy wealth
 And Pharmacy's reviving power.
 The transports of the generous mind,
 Feeling its bounty to mankind,
 Inspirit every mortal part ;
 And, far more potent than precarious art,
 Give radiance to the eye, and vigor to the heart.

Blest HOWARD ! who like thee can feel
 This vital spring in all its force ?
 New star of philanthropic zeal ;
 Enlight'ning nations in thy course !
 And shedding Comfort's heavenly dew
 On meagre Want's deserted crew !
 Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
 Who feels stern Justice, in his famish'd frame,
 A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority !

Authority ! unfeeling power,
Whose iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, dragg'd from Pleasure's bower,
To sicken in the dungeon's gloom !
O might thy terror-striking call
Profusion's sons alone enthrall !
But thou canst Want with Guilt confound ;
Thy bonds the Man of virtuous toil surround,
Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

How savage are thy stern decrees !
Thy cruel minister I see
A weak, laborious victim seize,
By worth entitled to be free !
Behold, in the afflicting strife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthless servant court,
To spare her little children's sole support,
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their
sport.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
Those infants must no longer share
His aid, whose daily labour bought
The pittance of their scanty fare.

The horrors of the loathsome jail
 Her inly-bleeding heart affail :
 E'en now her fears, from fondness bred,
 See the lost partner of her faithful bed
 Drop, in that murd'rous scene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
 Fond mourner ! check thy gushing tears !
 The dungeon now no more contains
 Those perils which thy fancy fears :
 No more Contagion's baleful breath
 Speaks it the hideous cave of Death :
 HOWARD has planted safety there ;
 Pure minister of light ! his heavenly care
 Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

Nature ! on thy maternal breast
 For ever be his worth engrav'd !
 Thy bosom only can attest
 How many a life his toil has sav'd :

Nor in thy rescued Sons alone,
 Great Parent ! this thy guardian own !
 His arm defends a dearer slave ;
 Woman, thy darling ! 'tis his pride to save *
 From evils, that surpass the horrors of the grave.

Ye sprightly nymphs, by Fortune nurs'd,
 Who sport in Joy's unclouded air,
 Nor see the distant storms, that burst
 In ruin on the humble Fair ;
 Ye know not to what bitter smart
 A kindred form, a kindred heart,
 Is often doom'd, in life's low vale,
 Where frantic fears the simple mind assail,
 And fierce afflictions press, and friends and fortune fail.

* Mr. HOWARD has been the happy instrument of preserving female prisoners from an infamous and indecent outrage.—It was formerly a custom in our gaols to load their legs and thighs with irons, for the detestable purpose of extorting money from these injured sufferers.—This circumstance, unknown to me when the Ode was written, has tempted me to introduce the few additional stanzas, as it is my ardent wish to render this tribute to an exalted character as little unworthy as I can of the very extensive and sublime merit which it aspires to celebrate.

See

See yon' sweet rustic, drown'd in tears !
 It is not Guilt—'tis Misery's flood,
 While dire Suspicion's charge she hears
 Of shedding infant, filial blood :
 Nature's fond dupe ! but not her foe !
 That form, that face, the falsehood show :—
 Yet Law exacts her stern demand ;
 She bids the dungeon's grating doors expand,
 And the young captive faints beneath the gaoler's
 hand.

Ah, ruffian ! cease thy savage aim !
 She cannot 'scape thy harsh controul :
 Shall iron load that tender frame,
 And enter that too-yielding soul ?—
 Unfeeling wretch ! of basest mind !
 To misery deaf, to beauty blind !
 I see thy victim vainly plead ;
 For the worst fiend of hell's malignant breed,
 Extortion, grins applause, and prompts thy ruthless
 deed.

With brutal force, and ribald jest,
 Thy manacles I see thee shake ;
 Mocking the merciful request,
 That Modesty and Justice make ;
 E'en Nature's shriek, with anguish strong,
 Fails to suspend the impious wrong ;
 Till HOWARD'S hand, with brave disdain,
 Throws far away this execrable chain :
 O Nature, spread his fame thro' all thy ample reign !

His care exulting BRITAIN found,
 Here first display'd, not here confin'd !
 No single tract of earth could bound
 The active virtues of his mind.
 To all the lands, where'er the tear,
 That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
 Sad Pity's glitt'ning cheek impearl'd,
 Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
 A friend to every clime ! a Patriot of the World !

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
 Our flying sons of joy have past,
 By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
 Astonish'd that they flew so fast !
 How did the heart-improving fight
 Awake your wonder and delight,
 When, in her unexampled chace,
 Philanthropy outstript keen Pleasure's pace,
 When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race !

Where-e'er her generous Briton went,
 Princes his supplicants became :
 He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent
 To scrutinize their secret shame *.
 Captivity, where he appear'd,
 Her languid head with transport rear'd ;
 And gazing on her godlike guest,
 Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant blest,
 E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess'd.

* I am credibly informed that several Princes, or at least persons in authority, requested Mr. Howard not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron pass along :
“ O ! who is he, whose daring eye
Can search into our hidden wrong ?
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfin'd,
Has tempted Freedom's son to share
These perils ; searching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair ? ”

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
Nor ample power, that sacred trust !
His life-diffusing toils inspire :
Rous'd by no voice, save that whose cries
Internal bid the soul arise
From joys, that only seem to bless,
From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
To Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress !

Taught

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
 Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To free the prison of the globe
 From vice, th' oppressor of the mind !
 For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
 For thee, Captivity ! he left
 Inviting Ease, who, in her bower,
 Bade him with smiles enjoy the golden hour,
 While Fortune deck'd his board with Pleasure's festive
 flower.

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
 I boldly strive my aim to raise,
 As high as mortal hand may hope
 To shoot the glittering * shaft of Praise ;
 Say ! HOWARD, say ! what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,

* ἀνδρα δ' ἐγὼ κείνον

Αἰνῆσαι μένουσιν, ἐλπομαι

Μη χαλκοπαράον ακονθ' ὥσει τ' ἀγ-
 νος βαλεῖν ἐξω παλάμα δυνεων.

PINDAR.

What guerdon may her love design ?

What may she ask for thee, from Power Divine,
Above the rich rewards which are already thine ?

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
Her light on philosophic thought ;
When Genius, with keen ardour, springs
To clasp the lovely truth he fought :
Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the spirit of the lyre ;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Consolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendship's life-supporting band !
And sweeter still, and far above
These fainter joys, when purest Love
The soul his willing captive keeps !
When he in bliss the melting spirit sleeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps !

But

But not the brightest joy, which Arts,
In floods of mental light, bestow;
Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
Blest antidote of bitterest woe!
Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
Can equal the ecstatic sense,
When, swelling to a fond excess,
The grateful praises of relief'd distress,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty bless.

These transports, in no common state,
Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Blest HOWARD! these to thee belong:
While years encreasing o'er thee roll,
Long may this sunshine of the soul
New vigour to thy frame convey!
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
And with serenest light adorn thy closing day!

And

And when the Power, who joys to save,
 Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven ;
 And calls the prisoners of the grave
 To all the liberty of Heaven :
 In that bright day, whose wonders blind
 The eye of the astonish'd mind ;
 When life's glad angel shall resume
 His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
 And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb :

In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
 The triumphs gain'd in human strife ;
 And to their new associates bring
 The wreaths of everlasting life :
 May'st thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
 Approach th' Eternal Fount of Praise,
 With those who lead th' angelic van,
 Those pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
 Who liv'd but to relieve the miseries of man !



O D E

T O

Mr. WRIGHT of DERBY.

O D E

T O

Mr. WRIGHT of DERBY.

1783.

A WAY! ye sweet, but trivial Forms,
That from the placid pencil rise,
When playful art the landscape warms
With Italy's unclouded skies!
Stay, Vanity! nor yet demand
Thy portrait from the painter's hand!
Nor ask thou, Indolence, to aid thy dream,
The soft illusion of the mimic stream,
That twinkles to thy sight with Cynthia's trembling
beam!

Be

Be thine, my friend, a nobler task !
Beside thy vacant easel see
Guests, who, with claims superior, ask
New miracles of art from thee :
Valour, who mocks unequal strife,
And Clemency, whose smile is life !
“ WRIGHT ! let thy skill (this radiant pair exclaim)
“ Give to our view our favorite scene of Fame,
“ Where Britain’s Genius blaz’d in glory’s brightest
“ flame.”

Celestial ministers ! ye speak
To no dull agent sloth-opprest,
Who coldly hears, in spirit weak,
Heroic Virtue’s high behest :
Behold ! tho’ envy strives to foil
The Artist bent on public toil,
Behold ! his flames terrific lustre shed ;
His naval blaze mounts from its billowy bed ;
And Calpe proudly rears her war-illumin’d head.

In gorgeous pomp for ever shine,
Bright monument of Britain's force !
Tho' doom'd to feel her fame decline
In ill-starr'd war's o'erwhelming course,
Tho' Europe's envious realms unite
To crush her, in unequal fight, -
Her Genius, deeply stung with generous shame,
On this exulting rock array'd in flame
Equals her ancient feats, and vindicates her name.

How fiercely British valour pours
The deluge of destroying fire,
Which o'er that watery Babel roars,
Bidding the baffled host retire,
And leave their fall'n, to yield their breath
In different pangs of double death !
Ye shall not perish : no ! ye hapless brave,
Reckless of peril, thro' the fiery wave
See ! British mercy steers, each prostrate foe to save.

Ye gallant Chiefs, whose deeds proclaim
The genuine hero's feeling soul,
Elliot, and Curtis, with whose name
Honour enrich'd his radiant roll,
Blest is your fate ; nor blest alone,
That rescued foes your virtues own,
That Britain triumphs in your filial worth :
Blest in the period of your glory's birth,
When art can bid it live to decorate the earth !

Alas ! what deeds, where virtue reign'd,
Have in oblivious darkness died,
When Painting, by the Goths enchain'd,
No life-securing tints supplied ! —
Of all thy powers, enchanting art !
Thou deemest this the dearest part,
To guard the rights of valour, and afford
Surviving lustre to the hero's sword :
For this, heroic Greece thy martial charms ador'd.

Rival of Greece, in arms, in arts,
Tho' deem'd in her declining days,
Britain yet boasts unnumber'd hearts,
Who keenly pant for public praise :
Her battles yet are firmly fought
By Chiefs with Spartan courage fraught :
Her Painters with Athenian zeal unite
To trace the glories of the prosp'rous fight,
And gild th' embattled scene with art's immortal
light.

Tho' many a hand may well portray
The rushing war's infuriate shock,
Proud Calpe bids thee, WRIGHT ! display
The terrors of her blazing rock :
The burning bulks of baffled Spain,
From thee she claims, nor claims in vain,
Thou mighty master of the mimic flame,
Whose matchless pencil, with peculiar aim,
Has form'd of lasting fire the basis of thy fame.

Just in thy praise, thy country's voice
Loudly asserts thy signal power :
In this reward may'st thou rejoice,
In modest labour's silent hour,
Far from those seats, where envious leagues,
And dark cabals, and base intrigues
Exclude meek Merit from his proper home ;
Where Art, whom Royalty forbade to roam,
Against thy talents clos'd her self-dishonor'd dome !

When partial pride, and mean neglect,
The nerves of injur'd Genius gall,
What kindly spells of keen effect
His energy of heart recall ?
Perchance there is no spell so strong
As Friendship's sympathetic song :
By fancy link'd in a fraternal band,
Artist and Bard in sweet alliance stand ;
They suffer equal wounds, and mutual aid demand.

Go, then, to slighted worth devote
Thy willing verse, my fearless Muse !
Haply thy free and friendly note
Some joyous ardor may infuse
In fibres, that severely smart
From potent Envy's poison'd dart :
Thro' WRIGHT's warm breast bid tides of vigor roll,
Guard him from meek Depression's chill controul,
And rouse him to exert each sinew of his soul !



O D E

TO THE

COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

1784.

L 3

O D E

T O T H E

C O U N T E S S D E G E N L I S .

1784.

I.

NO more let English pride arraign
The Gallic Muse, as light and vain,
Whose trifling fingers can but weave
The flimsy novel, to deceive
Inaction's languid hour ;
Where sentiment, from nothing spun,
Shines like a garden-cobweb in the sun,
Thrown in autumnal nights o'er many a wither'd
flower.

II.

Too often, in the giddy fit
Of wanton or satiric wit,
The rash and frolic sons of France
Have sketch'd the frivolous romance;
While reason stood aloof;
While modesty the work disclaim'd;
And griev'd religion, with disdain inflam'd,
On the licentious page pronounc'd her just reproof.

III.

The Genius of the generous land
Survey'd the vain fantastic band,
And kindling with indignant pride,
Athirst for genuine glory, cried:
“ Too long have ye disgrac'd
“ The Gallic name !—ye sophists, hence !
“ A female hand shall expiate your offence,
“ The wrongs that ye have done to virtue, truth, and
“ taste.

IV. “ Rise,

IV.

" Rise, my GENLIS ! those ills correct,
 " That spring from this pernicious sect :
 " To infancy's important years,
 " That season of parental fears,
 " Devote thy varied page !
 " Mould and defend the youthful heart
 " Against the subtle, soul-debasing art
 " Of the sarcastic wit, and self-intitl'd sage !"

V.

Illumin'd with angelic zeal,
 And wishing Nature's general weal,
 The lovely moralist arose :
 The flame that from religion flows
 Play'd round her pensive head :
 The tender virtues smiling strove
 T' enrich the variegated web she wove,
 Where wisdom's temperate hand the flowers of fancy
 spread.

VI. The

VI.

The sifters of theatric power,
 Whose intermingled sun and shower
 Give to the stage, in friendly strife,
 Each touching charm of chequer'd life,

Inspir'd the friend of youth :

Arts yet unknown to her they taught,
 To fix and charm quick childhood's rambling
 thought

With unexampled scenes of tenderness and truth.

VII.

Her pathos is not proudly built
 On splendid or impassion'd guilt ;
 The little incidents, that rise
 As sportive youth's light season flies,

Her simple drama fill ;

Yet he, the sweet Socratic sage *,

Who steep'd in tears the wide Athenian stage,
 Fram'd not his moral scene with more pathetic skill.

* Euripides.

VIII. In

VIII.

In the rich novel's ampler field
 Her genius rears a radiant shield,
 With fancy's blazonry imprest;
 Potent to save the youthful breast
 From passion's poison'd dart:
 Like that which Homer's gods produce,
 Its high-wrought beauties shine with double use,
 To charm the curious mind, and guard th' un-
 wary heart.

IX.

Ye Fairies ! 'twas your boast to bind
 In sweet amaze the infant mind:
 But scorning fiction's faded flower,
 Behold GENLIS in magic power
 Your forcery excels !
 She, first of childhood's pleasing friends !
 Arm'd with the force that liberal science lends,
 From art and nature frames her more attractive spells *.

*Alluding to the Tale intituled, "La Féerie de l'Art & de la Nature."

X.

Lovely magician ! in return
For the sweet tears of fond concern,
With moral pleasure's tender thrill
Awak'd by thy enchanting skill,
Accept this votive rhyme !
Spurn not a wreath of foreign hue,
Tho' rudely twin'd of humble flowers, that grew
In a sequester'd vale of Albion's wayward clime !

XI.

Think, if from Britain's churlish sky
This verse to foreign genius fly,
Think not our letter'd females raise
No titles to melodious praise :—
Keen science cannot find
One clime within the earth's wide zone,
Whose daughters, Britain ! have surpass'd thy own
In the career of art, the triumphs of the mind.

XII. This

XII.

This honest boast of English pride,
Which meaner merit might deride,
Will ne'er the just GENLIS beguile
Of one disdainful, envious smile;
For envy ne'er conceal'd
From her clear sight a rival's claim;
Her voice has swell'd my fair compatriots fame,
Pleas'd with their glorious march o'er learning's
varied field!

XIII.

Doubly, GENLIS! may'st thou rejoice,
Whene'er impartial glory's voice
Ranks with the happiest toils of men
The graceful works of woman's pen,
Tho' not of Gallic frame:
For O! beneath whatever skies
Records of female genius may arise,
Those records must enfold thy fair and fav'rite name.

XIV. In

XIV.

In every clime where arts have smil'd,
Where'er the mother loves her child,
And pants, with anxious zeal possess'd,
To fortify the tender breast,
And the young mind enlarge,
From thy chaste page she'll learn the art,
Fondly to play the sage preceptor's part,
And draw her dearest joys from that important charge :

XV.

Wherever youth, with curious view,
Instructive pleasure shall pursue,
The little lively student there,
With rapt attention's keenest air,
Shall o'er thy volumes bend :
And while his tears their charm confess,
His grateful voice shall in their author bless
The spirit-kindling guide, the heart-enchancing friend.

SONNETS, SONGS,

AND

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

S O N N E T

T O T H E

E A R L O F H A R D W I C K E ,

With the Second Edition of the Epistles to ROMNEY.

1779.

HARDWICKE! whose bright applause a poet
crown'd

Unknown to thee and to the Muse's quire;

Permit his hand with joyous pride to found

A note of gratitude on freedom's lyre!

And fear not flattery's song from one plac'd higher

Than she has power to raise her menial crew;

From one who, proud of independent fire,

Scorns the base Noble, but reveres the true.

The liberal spirit feels thy generous praise

Fall from pure honour's sphere, like genial dew;

Blest if its vital influence shall raise

A future flower more worthy of thy view!

Blest if in these re-polish'd lays thou find

Some light reflected from thy letter'd mind!

S O N N E T

T O

EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

On the Publication of his Second and Third Volumes,

1781.

WITH proud delight th' imperial founder gaz'd
On the new beauty of his second Rome,

When on his eager eye rich temples blaz'd,

And his fair city rose in youthful bloom :

A pride more noble may thy heart assume,

O GIBBON ! gazing on thy growing work ;

In which, constructed for a happier doom,

No hasty marks of vain ambition lurk :

Thou may'st deride both time's destructive sway,
And baser envy's beauty-mangling dirk ;

Thy gorgeous fabrick, plann'd with wise delay,
Shall baffle foes more savage than the Turk :

As ages multiply its fame shall rise,

And earth must perish ere its splendor dies.

SONNET

S O N N E T

TO THE SAME.

Written in MADAME DE LAMBERT's Essays on Friendship and Old Age; in the Name of the Lady who translated them.

HOW may I, GIBBON, to thy taste confide
This artless copy of a Gallic gem?

Wilt thou not cast th' unpolish'd work aside,
And with just scorn my failing line condemn?

No! thou wilt never, with pedantic phlegm,
Spurn the first produce of a female mind;

Young flowers! that, trembling on a tender stem,
Court thy protection from each ruder wind.

Tho' I may injure, by a coarser style,
The work that Lambert's graceful hand design'd,

I still, if favour'd by thy partial smile,
Shall boast like her of friendship's joys refin'd:

Nor fear from age her list of female woes,
If, as my years increase, thy friendship grows.

S O N N E T

T O

EDMUND ANTROBUS, Esq.

With the same Essays.

KIND Host! who bordering on the vale of
years,

Keep'ft in thy generous heart a youthful glow,
Whose liberal elegance of soul endears

The joy thy bounty glories to bestow;
Accept a volume, in whose pages flow
The mild effusions of a female mind!

First of the letter'd fair that France can show,
Of sprightly wit with moral truth combin'd!

In the faint copy may thy candour see
Some slight resemblance of her style refin'd:

Whate'er the merits of the book, in thee
May all the blessings of its theme be join'd!
Thine be that joy which friendship's bosom fills;
And thine the peace of age, without its ills!

S O N N E T

T O

D R. H A R I N G T O N,

On his adding Music to a Song of the Author's.

HARMONIOUS friend! to whom my honour'd
Muse

Is eager to declare how much she owes,

Accept, and with indulgent eye peruse

Her hasty verse, impatient to disclose

How from your aid her new attraction flows.

Cold as the figure of unfinish'd clay,

Which by Prometheus' plastic hand arose,

My lifeless song in half existence lay :

I could not add the spark of heav'nly flame :

To harmony's high sphere I dar'd not stray

To steal from thence—but in this languid frame

You pour, without a theft, the vital ray :

Your generous art the quick'ning spirit gives,

And by your tuneful fire the Ballad lives.

S O N N E T

T O

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

MELMOTH! in talents and in virtues blest!
 Pleas'd I contemplate thy attractive page,
 Where thy mild Pliny, and Rome's guardian Sage,
 Of purer eloquence, thy powers attest,
 And rare felicity:—near half an age
 Our polish'd tongue has rank'd thee with the best
 Of England's classics; yet detraction's rage
 Has fail'd to point her arrows at thy breast:
 Rich in those palms that taste and truth bestow,
 Who praise in learning's field thy long career,
 By what nice skill, that worth can seldom show,
 Hast thou eluded slander's envious sneer?
 Blest who excel! but tenfold bliss they know,
 Who in excelling live without a foe.

S O N N E T

T O

MRS. H A Y L E Y,

On her Voyage to America. 1784.

THOU vext Atlantic, who hast lately seen
 Britain's vain thunder on her offspring hurl'd,
 And the blind parent, in her frantic spleen,
 Pouring weak vengeance on a filial world!
 Thou, whose rough billows, in loud fury curl'd,
 Have roar'd indignant under many a keel;
 And, while contention all her sails unfurl'd,
 Have groan'd the weight of ill-farr'd war to feel;
 Now let thy placid waters gaily bear
 A freight far differing from blood-thirsty steel;
 See HAYLEY now to cross thy flood prepare,
 A female merchant, fraught with friendly zeal!
 Give her kind gales, ye spirits of the air,
 Kind as her heart, and as her purpose fair!

S O N N E T

T O

J O H N S A R G E N T, Esq.

On his Doubts of publishing his Drama, intitled,
 ‘THE MINE.’ 1784.

A WAY with diffidence and modest fear,
 Thou happy fav’rite of Castalia’s quire !
 Withhold no longer from the public ear
 The rich delight thy varied lays inspire !
 Nor from the Prefs with trembling awe retire !
 That dread essay is dangerous alone,
 When mimic dross adulterates the lyre :
 Thine is of purest gold—its perfect tone
 The fancy and the heart alike obey :
 Invention’s self has made her MINE thy own ;
 Give its new gems to blaze in open day,
 And seat that bounteous queen on glory’s throne.
 A brother Bard, if he may boast the name,
 Sounds with proud joy this prelude to thy fame.

S O N N E T

O N

ROMNEY's Picture of CASSANDRA.

YE fond idolaters of antient art,
 Who near Parthenope, with curious toil,
 Forcing the rude sulphureous rocks to part,
 Draw from the greedy earth her buried spoil
 Of antique tablature ; and from the foil
 Of time, restoring some fair form, acquire
 A fancied jewel, know, 'tis but a foil
 To this superior gem, of richer fire !

In ROMNEY's tints behold the Trojan maid !
 See beauty blazing in prophetic ire !
 From palaces engulf'd could earth retire,
 And shew thy works, Apelles, undecay'd,
 E'en thy Campaspe would not dare to vie
 With the wild splendor of Cassandra's eye.

SONNET

S O N N E T

T O

MRS. S M I T H,

Occasioned by the First of her Sonnets.

THOU whose chaste song simplicity inspires,
 Attractive poetess of plaintive strain !

Speak not unjustly of poetic fires,

Nor the pure bounty of thy Muse arraign :

No, not the source, the soother she of pain,

If thy soft breast the thorns of anguish knew,

Ah ! think what myriads with thy truth complain,

Of fortune's thorny paths ! and think how few

Of all those myriads know thy magic art,

The fiercer pangs of sorrow to subdue,

By those melodious tears that ease thy heart,

And bid the breath of fame thy life renew ;

Sure to excite, till nature's self decays,

Her lasting sympathy, her endless praise !

S O N N E T

T O

MR. WILLIAM LONG,

On his Recovery from a dangerous Illness. 1785.

BLEST be the day which bids my grief subside,
 Rais'd by the sickness of my distant friend !
 Blest the dear lines, so long to hope deny'd,
 By languor's aching fingers kindly penn'd !
 How keen the fear to feel his letters end,
 Whose wit was my delight, whose truth my guide !
 But how did joy that painful fear transcend,
 When I again his well-known hand descried !
 Such was the dread of new-created man,
 When first he miss'd the setting orb of day ;
 Such the delight that thro' his bosom ran,
 When he perceiv'd the re-ascending ray.
 Ah no ! his thoughts endur'd less anxious strife ;
 Thou, Friendship ! art the sun of mental life.

E P I T A P H

O N

WILLIAM BRYANT,

Aged 91, Parish Clerk of EARTHAM. 1779,

BY sportive youth and busy manhood blest,
 Here, thou meek father of our village, rest!
 If length of days, in toilsome duties spent,
 With chearful honesty, and mild content;
 If age, endur'd with firm and patient mind;
 If life with willing piety resign'd;
 If these are certain proofs of human worth,
 Which, dear to Heaven, demand the praise of earth;
 E'en Pride shall venerate this humble sod,
 That holds a Christian worthy of his God.

O N

F R A N C E S K E N T,

Aged 19; buried in EARTHAM Church-Yard.

1777.

HERE youthful innocence, of humble birth,
 Is sunk untimely into silent earth :
 This quiet hamlet knew no gentler mind,
 "In sickness patient, and in death resign'd."
 Thou peaceful villager, whoe'er thou art,
 Now bending o'er her grave with feeling heart,
 Learn from her blameless life, tho' short the date,
 Each modest virtue that becomes thy state !

O N

O N

M A R Y H A Y L E Y.

1775.

SPIRIT of Truth, thy warmest language give!
 Let all the Mother on this marble live!

The stone may boast, that in her frame combin'd
 Woman's soft heart and man's undaunted mind:
 But O, fond Parent! no sepulchral lay
 Can speak thy kindness, or thy care repay:
 Death bore thee to the Power, whose love alone,
 Whose love parental could exceed thy own.
 Still, thou blest being! still my soul inspire!
 Breathe from thy tomb religion's holy fire!
 And teach me, ere this fleeting breath shall cease,
 To tread that awful path in mental peace,
 That path, which thou without a pang hast trod,
 To meet thee at the throne of mercy's God:
 The God, whose worship from thy lips I caught,
 Shall fix thy image in my faithful thought:
 So thou my spirit to his presence raise,
 Who as thy Maker most commands my praise!

O D E

O D E
T O
D E A T H.

HAIL to thee, gloomy spectre, Death!

So feldom hail'd by human breath

With vital vigour warm!

Approach!—let me thy features know,

For my undaunted eye would grow

Familiar with thy form!

I see thee well, and all thy train,

The horrid armament of pain,

Who execute thy will:

I know their force: with rapid aim,

Early they fasten'd on my frame,

And only fail'd to kill,

O Death!

O Death ! I know thy utmost sway ;
 This flesh is thy devoted prey :
 My soul derides thy power ;
 Derides each wound, which thou canst give,
 Safe from thy stroke, and form'd to live
 Beyond thy final hour.

I own thee not as Terror's king,
 Tho' shrieking slaves thy title ring,
 Around the trembling globe :
 The hand of Faith thy mantle tore,
 And Fear can dress thy form no more
 In Horror's ghastly robe.

I see thee, stript of all thy pride,
 A simple herald, doom'd to guide
 The Spirit's destin'd march :
 Thy trumpet, with no dreadful blast,
 Proclaims the victor soul has past
 The tomb's triumphal arch.—

Ah! why should age, with weak delay,
 In vain contention wish to stay,
 When robb'd of vigour's shield?
 What labourer, call'd to take his hire,
 Persists his worn-out limbs to tire
 Around the stubble field?

This motley scene of jest and strife,
 This tragi-comedy of life,
 On observation palls :
 Its fancied joys too slightly touch ;
 Its fancied woes afflict too much,
 Before the curtain falls.

Eager I pant, with fond presage,
 To gaze on a sublimer stage
 Above yon starry pole :
 That stage, by kindred angels trod,
 Illumin'd by the throne of God,
 Must fill the raptur'd soul.

O Death ! I hear thy stern reply :—

“ Dar’st thou presume, Mortality !

“ So abject, so infirm !

“ Fearless that Presence to abide,

“ Before whose blaze celestial pride

“ Has shrunk into a worm ? ”

Of follies sick, not sunk by crimes,

With filial hope my spirit climbs,

Nor fears a Father’s rod.

I go with awe, but not dismay :

My soul is on the wing :—away !

And lead me to my God !

S O N G.

I.

YE cliffs ! I to your airy steep
 Ascend with trembling hope and fear,
 To gaze on this extensive deep,
 And watch if WILLIAM's sails appear.

II.

Long months elapse, while here I breathe
 Vain expectation's frequent prayer ;
 Till bending o'er the waves beneath,
 I drop the tear of dumb despair.

III.

But see a glistening sail in view !
 Tumultuous hopes arise :
 'Tis he !—I feel the vision true,
 I trust my conscious eyes.

IV.

His promis'd signals from the mast
 My timid doubts destroy :
 What was your pain, ye terrors past,
 To this ecstatic joy !

S O N G.

I.

FROM glaring shew, and giddy noise,
 The pleasures of the vain,
 Take me, ye soft, ye silent joys,
 To your retreats again.

II.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
 Whose shades to love belong ;
 Where echo, as she fondly roves,
 Repeats my STELLA's song.

III.

Ah, STELLA ! why should I depart
 From solitude and thee,
 When in that solitude thou art
 A perfect world to me !

S O N G.

I.

'TIS Memory's aid my vows implore,
 For she will smile when fortune's coy;
 And to the eye of love restore
 The spirit of departed joy.

II.

O plunge me still, with magic art,
 In soothing fancy's soft abyss;
 And fill my fond, my faithful heart
 With visions of thy purer bliss!

S O N G.

I.

STAY! O stay, thou lovely shade
Brought by sleep to sorrow's aid:
Ah! the sweet illusion ends!
Light and Reason, cruel friends!
Bid me not, with frantic care,
Vainly worship fleeting air!

II.

Night, return on rapid wing!
Round my head thy poppies fling!
Hateful day! thy reign be brief!
Darkness is the friend of grief.
Could'st thou, sleep! my dream restore,
I should wish to wake no more.

S O N G.

I.

ENJOY, my child, the balmy sleep,
Which o'er thy form new beauty throws;
And long thy tranquil spirit keep
A stranger to thy mother's woes!
Tho' in distress,
I feel it less,
While gazing on thy sweet repose.

II.

Condemn'd to pangs like inward fire,
That thro' my injur'd bosom roll,
How would my heart in death desire
Relief from fortune's hard controul,
Did not thy arms
And infant charms
To earth enchain my anxious soul!

III.

Flow fast, my tears !—by you reliev'd,

I vent my anguish thus unknown ;

But cease, ere ye can be perceiv'd

By this dear child, to pity prone,

Whose tender heart

Would seize a part

In grief, that should be all my own.

IV.

Our cup of woe, which angels fill,

Perchance it is my lot to drain ;

While that of joy, unmix'd with ill,

May thus, my child, for thee remain ;

If thou art free,

(So Heaven decree !)

I bless my doom of double pain.

O D E

T O

RICHARD VERNON SADLEIR, Esq.

1777.

I.

BUSINESS, be gone ! Thou vulture, Care,
No more the quivering finews tear
Of Sadleir's mortal frame !
Full well his firm and active mind
Has paid the duties that mankind
From sense and virtue claim.

II.

Alas ! too well—for mental toil
Our fine machinery will spoil,
As Nature has decreed :
She form'd the powers that raise the soul
Like wheels, that kindle as they roll,
And perish by their speed.

III. Let

III.

Let health and vigour on the stage
 Support the scene, while milder age
 Resigns the buffling part :
 If flowers the busy path adorn,
 Ingratitude there plants her thorn,
 Which pierces to the heart.

IV.

Oft hast thou seen her poison'd shoot,
 Where Hope expected fairest fruit ;
 Yet still thy bounty flows
 Like constant dew that falls on earth,
 Although it wakens into birth
 The nightshade with the rose.

V.

Thy warmth of heart O still retain !
 Nor of ingratitude complain,
 Howe'er her wounds may burn !
 Bliss from benevolence must flow ;
 Angels are blest while they bestow,
 Unconscious of return.

VI.

And happiness we only find
 In those exertions of the mind
 That form the ardent friend :
 In these it dwells, with these it flies,
 As all the comet's splendor dies
 Whene'er its motions end.

VII.

O let the lustre of thy soul
 No more eccentrically roll
 Thro' Labour's long career !
 O haste, its dangerous course confine,
 And let it permanently shine
 In Pleasure's milder sphere !

VIII.

In Friendship's name thy voice invites
 Our willing hearts to social rites,
 Where Laughter is thy guest :
 But, O ! these eyes with anguish burn,
 And fear their weaken'd orbs to turn
 From Nature's verdant vest.

IX. Thy

IX.

Thy invitation then forbear,
Tho' at thy board, in union rare,
Kind Plenty reigns with Wit :
Thy roof is joyous, but I doubt
That we should find the brilliant rout
For burning eyes unfit.

X.

Thy noisy town and dusty street
Do thou exchange for this retreat,
Whose charms thy songs commend :
On Learning's page forbid to look,
We yet can read that dearer book—
The visage of a friend.

A

CARD OF INVITATION

T O

Mr. GIBBON, at BRIGHTHELMSTONE.
1781.

AN English Sparrow, pert and free,
Who chirps beneath his native tree,
Hearing the Roman Eagle's near,
And feeling more respect than fear,
Thus, with united love and awe,
Invites him to his shed of straw.
Tho' he is but a twittering Sparrow,
The field he hops in rather narrow,
When nobler plumes attract his view
He ever pays them homage due,
And looks with reverential wonder
On him whose talons bear the thunder;
Nor could the Jack-daws e'er inveigle
His voice to vilify the Eagle,
Tho', issuing from those holy tow'rs
In which they build their warmest bow'rs,

Their Sovereign's haunt they fily search,
 In hopes to find him on his perch
 (For PINDAR says, beside his God
 The thunder-bearing Bird will nod)
 Then, peeping round his still retreat,
 They pick from underneath his feet
 Some moulted feather he lets fall,
 And swear he cannot fly at all.—
 Lord of the sky! whose pounce can tear
 These croakers, that infest the air,
 Trust him, the Sparrow loves to sing
 The praise of thy imperial wing!
 He thinks thou'lt deem him, on his word,
 An honest, tho' familiar Bird;
 And hopes thou soon wilt condescend
 To look upon thy little friend;
 That he may boast around his grove
 A visit from the BIRD OF JOVE.

T O

M R. M A S O N,

On his sending the Author his Translation of DUFRESNOY, with Notes by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

1783.

I.

DEAR Brother of the tuneful art,
To whom I justly bend,
I prize, with a fraternal heart,
The pleasing gift you send.

II.

With pride, by envy undebas'd,
My English spirit views
How far your elegance of taste
Improves a Gallic Muse.

III.

I thought that Muse but meanly drest
When her stiff gown was Latin ;
But you have turn'd her grogram vest
Into fine folds of fatten.

IV.

Mild REYNOLDS looks with liberal favour

On your adopted girl;

And to the graceful robe you gave her,

Adds rich festoons of pearl.

I M P R O M P T U

T O

M R. M E Y E R,

On his sending the Author, from the Continent, two
Prints, representing The Coronation of VOLTAIRE,
and ROUSSEAU's Arrival in Elysium.

1784.

I.

THE Song that shakes the festive roof,
When mirth and music's liveliest notes ascend,
Is not more pleasing than the proof
Of kind remembrance from an absent friend.

II.

Then guess the pleasure that we share,
And thus, dear MEYER, accept the thanks we owe,
While we behold the crown'd VOLTAIRE,
And see Elysium hail our lov'd ROUSSEAU!

III.

May all the honour, all the joy,
 Known by each genius in thy gift portray'd,
 Be thine, without the dull alloy
 That ting'd their golden days with dusky shade !

IV.

As lively as the gay VOLTAIRE,
 With his keen pen may thy fine pencil strive !
 May'st thou as long delight the fair,
 And triumph, like the Bard, at *eighty-five* !

V.

As tender as the warm ROUSSEAU,
 Like him thy happier thoughts on nature fix !
 But 'midst thy prospering children know
 A true Elysium—on this side the Styx !

I M P R O M P T U,

T O

E Y L E S I R W I N, Esq. at Earham.

1786.

HOW fiercely gold is tried by fire,
The tropes of the poetic quire

• Have forcibly exprest :

Yet, Indus, oft thy golden tide

To British virtue has supplied

A still severer test.

Britain has sent thee many a name

(Of martial and of civic fame)

In honour found and whole ;

Return'd by thee in different mould,

Encrusted o'er with scales of gold,

A leper in the soul.

Far other thoughts of proud delight,
 Dear IRWIN, may the wish'd-for fight

Of thy return afford !

To welcome thee our hearts expand ;

Fondly we clasp the purest hand

That Indus e'er restor'd.

The tender lips of Beauty greet

This happy hand with homage sweet,

And blest the nuptial chain :

While Friendship sings, in joyous ode,

Thro' this the trying millions flow'd,

Nor left a single stain.

A R E C E I P T

TO MAKE A TRAGEDY.

TAKE a Virgin from Asia, from Afric, or Greece,
 At least a king's daughter, or emperor's niece :
 Take an elderly Miss for her kind confidant,
 Still ready with pity or terror to pant,
 While she faints and revives like the sensitive plant :
 Take a Hero thought buried some ten years or more,
 But with life enough left him to rattle and roar :
 Take a horrid old Brute who deserves to be rack'd,
 And call him a tyrant ten times in each act :
 Take a Priest of cold blood, and a Warrior of hot,
 And let them alternately bluster and plot :
 Then throw in of Soldiers and Slaves *quantum suff.*
 Let them march, and stand still, fight, and halloo
 enough.

Now stir all together these separate parts,
 And season them well with Ohs ! faintings, and starts :

Squeeze in, while they're stirring, a potent infusion }
 Of Rage and of Horror, of Love and Illusion; }
 With madness and murder complete the conclusion. }
 Let your Princess, tho' dead by the murderous dagger,
 In a wanton bold epilogue ogle and swagger :
 Prove her past scenes of virtue are vapour and smoke,
 And the stage's morality merely a joke :
 Let her tell with what follies our country is curst,
 And wisely conclude that play-writing's the worst.
 Now serve to the public this olio complete,
 And puff in the papers your delicate treat,

TO

MISS SEWARD,

On her being at EARTHAM, in the variable
Weather, August, 1782.

I.

“WHENCE are these storms?”—an angry
poet cry’d,

Who saw his shady summer haunts defac’d ;

Saw o’er his shatter’d grove black whirlwinds ride,
And loud lamented this untimely waste.

II.

He spoke, and Æolus uprear’d his head :

Half his huge form, round which dark clouds were
driv’n,

Rising from ocean’s broad and billowy bed,

Fill’d up the vast expanse from earth to heav’n.

III.

As his fierce eye survey’d the rough profound,

From the stern god the voice of anger broke ;

Air, earth, and sea, reverberate the sound,

And shrinking nature shudder’d as he spoke :

IV.

- “ Know, thou vain Bard, within thy mansion dwells
 “ The wond’rous source of all this wild uproar ;
 “ Thence round my cave the din of discord swells,
 “ And I my rebel offspring rule no more.

V.

- “ To own my laws my mad’ning sons refuse,
 “ All, all are deaf to my paternal pow’r ;
 “ Struggling alike to kiss that vagrant Muse,
 “ Who deigns to visit thy sequester’d bow’r.

VI.

- “ Rough Boreas, us’d in these still months to sleep,
 “ Starts from his cell, in passion’s wild alarms ;
 “ While dripping Auster rushes from the deep,
 “ To snatch the Fair-one from his brother’s arms.

VII.

- “ Each other’s fond ambition to destroy,
 “ Alike they struggle, merciless as death ;
 “ See my young Zephyr, Nature’s tender joy,
 “ Encounters Eurus with contentious breath.

-VIII.

" Cease, my rash sons, this cruel war to wage,
 " Tho' tempting beauty gave your conflict birth,
 " Left Famine, waken'd by your frantic rage,
 " Stalk in fell triumph o'er the blasted earth.

IX.

" See shiv'ring mortals mourn th' inverted year,
 " While Ceres weeps her golden pride deprest :
 " If ye no longer Nature's law revere,
 " Yet mildly listen to your fire's request :—

X.

" Let each in order taste the tempting bliss,
 " For which these mutual wounds ye vainly bear ;
 " Each unmolested take one precious kiss,
 " And freely clasp this phrenzy-kindling Fair."

XI.

He paus'd ;—black Boreas, eldest of his race,
 Whose stormy passion the chill Maiden shocks,
 Binds her reluctant in his strong embrace,
 And sports licentious in her auburn locks.

XII.

Eurus succeeds, of less disgusting mien,
 Yet mad the trembling Fair-one to assail;
 Beneath his pressure, more intensely keen,
 The wounded ruby of her lip grows pale.

XIII.

Next, with mild charms, and less tumultuous love,
 By melting Auster see the nymph carest;
 He, with the softness of the murm'ring dove,
 Waves his moist pinions o'er her softer breast.

XIV.

Now, lively Zephyr, the sweet Muse is thine,
 O long embrace her in our laughing skies!
 And round her bid this joyous landscape shine,
 Rich as her verse, and radiant as her eyes!

C O N T E N T.

Written at the request of a Lady, for the Vase at
Batheaston, 1781.

“ **H**OW idle are mortals!” (said Wisdom to
 Youth)

“ They slight the clear dictates of Reason and Truth ;

“ They worship Ambition, to Pleasure they bend,

“ Yet blindly o’erlook a more excellent friend :

“ And hence their vain hopes are eternally cross’d,

“ Their life in a tempest of wishes is lost ;

“ Still destin’d to toil; and of toil to repent,

“ For neglect of just vows to the Goddess Content ;

“ That Goddess from whom all felicity flows,

“ Who unites every good in the gift she bestows ;

“ So free of her bounty to all who confess it,

“ To solicit her smile is almost to possess it.”

When I heard this fine speech, my fond passion was
 rais’d,

And I set forth in quest of the Being so prais’d ;

At

At the mansion of Grandeur my search I begin,
 And ask if the Goddess Content is within :
 But Pride, who as sentinel guarded the door,
 Said bluntly he ne'er heard her title before ;
 He told me I wanted a poor rustic flut,
 And bade me go look in some little thatch'd hut.
 I march'd to the Villager's lowly abode,
 'Twas a snug pretty cottage, and stood near the road :
 And here a good woman, possessing, tho' humble,
 A face that could frown, and a tongue that would
 grumble,
 Said—the person I ask'd for had lodg'd in her cot,
 But, alas ! such good luck was no longer her lot ;
 For she quitted her roof, where she oft had repos'd,
 When yon great house was built, and the common
 inclos'd.

I conceiv'd, as I now bade the village farewell,
 With the mild sons of Science this Goddess must dwell ;
 But those, where I sought some obliging instructor,
 Were squabbling about an electric conductor.
 Some cry'd-up the point ; some commended the ball ;
 The soft breath of Science was turn'd to a squall :

The

The Sages no mental conductor could find
To draw off the flame that now flash'd on their mind.

In haste I exclaim'd, to the Learned adieu !

For e'en Science offends, when she talks like a shrew.

Having wander'd so wide of the object I sought,
I was now led to think, and rejoic'd at the thought,
This Goddess (herself for her charms so renown'd)
With the daughters of Beauty must surely be found :
With this hope I approach'd (unperceiv'd by them all)
Three lovely young girls just array'd for the ball ;
In each, whose bright eyes on a mirror were bent,
I thought I discover'd a spark of Content ;
But watching them more, in their beautiful faces,
Of the Goddess I sought I no more saw the traces ;
For as they survey'd, with a critical glance,
The elegant MONTAGU move in the dance,
In her exquisite figure such graces were shown,
That viewing her charms they distrusted their own.
Thou gentlest of nymphs ! while thy triumphs increase,
Unconscious of beauty, so fatal to peace !
Tho' the sparks of Content in one sex thou may'st
 smother,
Bright Ecstasy's flame thou wilt raise in the other.

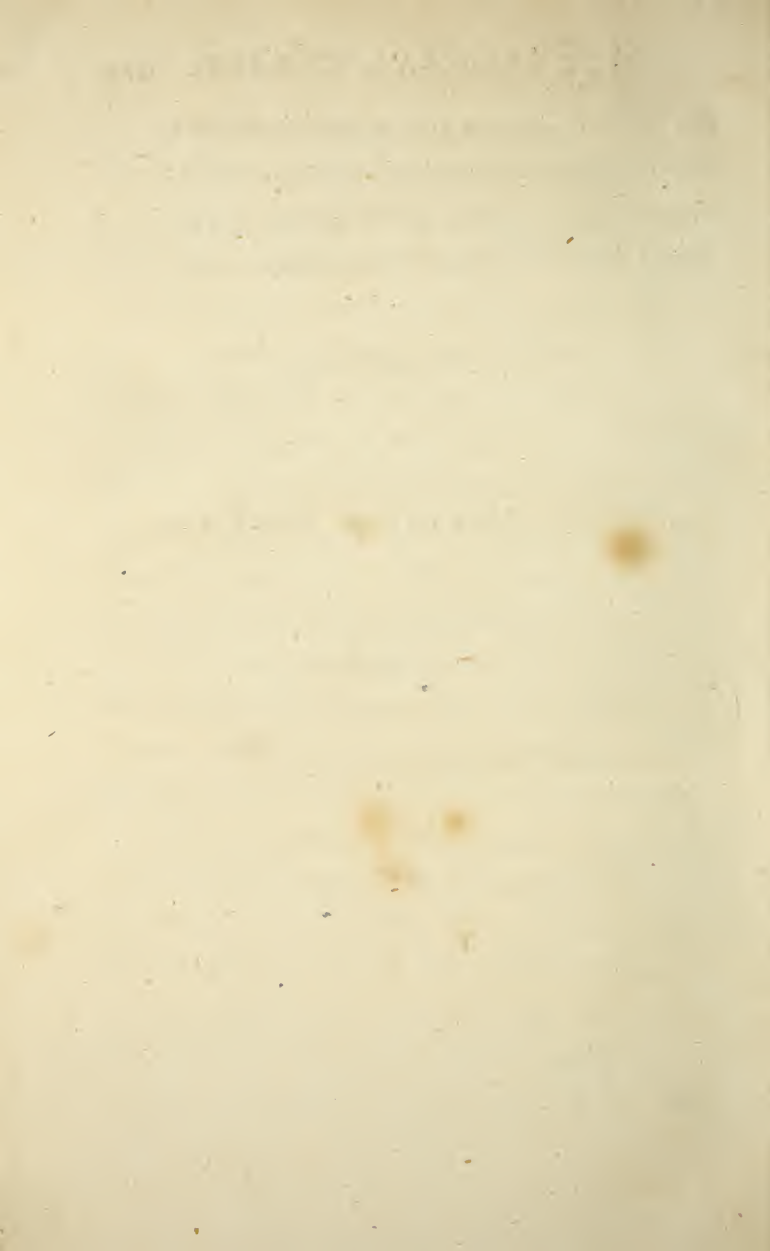
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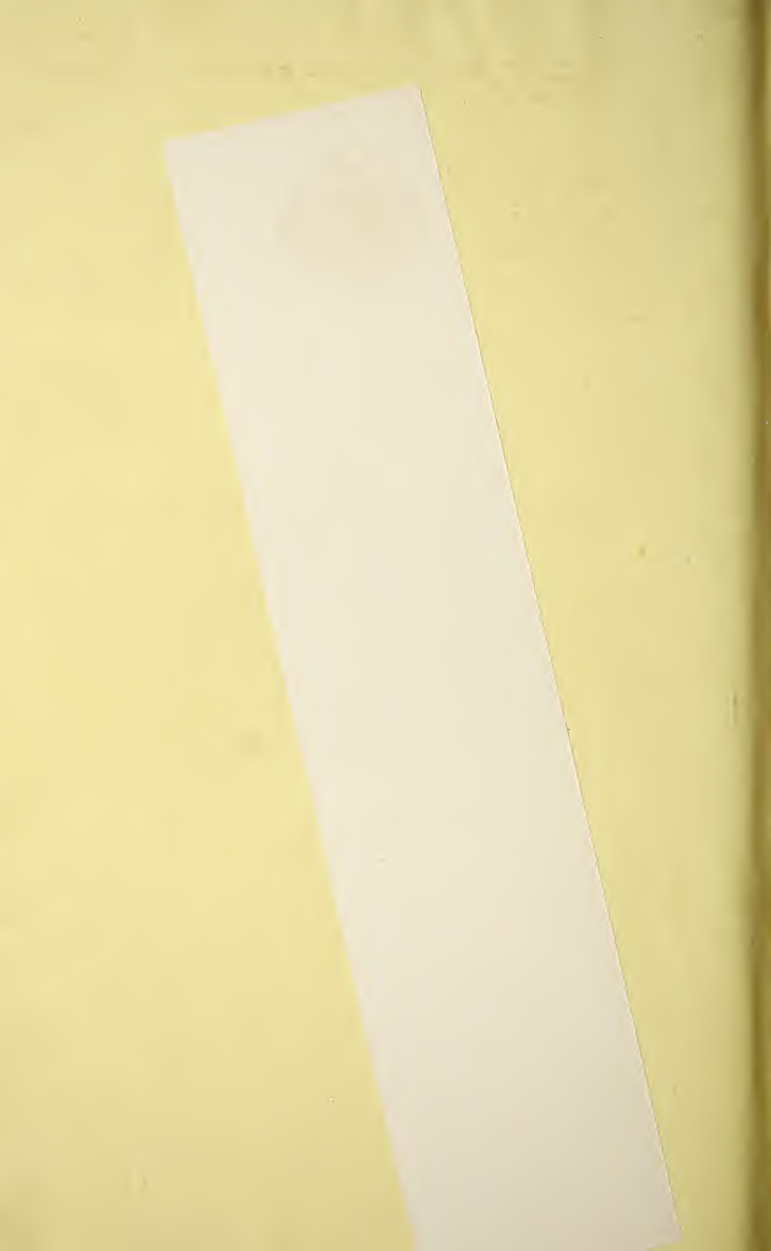
If in bosom parental Content could reside,
 The heart of thy parent this treasure must hide ;
 But, alas ! 'tis a truth which all parents lament,
 Their tender anxiety stifles Content.

O tell me, while vainly to find thee I pant,
 Dear latent Divinity ! where is thy haunt ?
 " Away to Batheaston, " Good-nature replies,
 " Behold she there weaves the poetical prize."
 With thy Myrtle, kind MILLER ! O let me be crown'd,
 Then my search is repaid, and the Goddess is found :
 Nay, if to another your wreath you assign,
 And give it to verse far superior to mine,
 My search's dear object I still must attain ;
 And the proof of this wonder 's exceedingly plain,
 It rests on this maxim, by Horace invented,
 The Bard who writes worst is the Bard most contented.
 My claim to this blessing thus made very clear,
 If I've nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear ;
 For MILLER can please while the mind she amuses,
 Both when she bestows, and e'en when she refuses ;
 In truth I suspect, from her singular aim,
 The Goddess I seek is conceal'd by her name :

She herself is Content, and her house is the fane,
Where Spleen and Ill-nature no favours obtain :
Some mortals in vain for admission must pray,
But all who once enter go smiling away.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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